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EDITORIAL

DEMOCRATIC MAJORITY

The Senate Judiciary Committee vote against the nomination of Robert Bork not only appears to doom Reagan's latest bid to steer the Supreme Court to the far right, it offers hope that Democrats may be realizing they are indeed the majority party. The anti-Bork votes cast by Democrats from the South and Southwest were a blow to the conventional wisdom that the Sun Belt is a bulwark of redneck conservatism—wisdom that has paralyzed the party in the Reagan era. Senator Howell Heflin told anti-Bork lobbyists he was surprised to learn his Alabama constituents care so much about privacy and abortion rights. This was the lesson of the campaign against Bork: that the defense of liberty is an impressive and unnoticed political asset for progressives, even in the South.

The fact that many Southern Democratic senators owe their seats to black voters was important in turning the tide against Bork. Perhaps this fact might also dispel the illusion that the next Democratic presidential nominee must abandon the party's biracial foundation (in the South and elsewhere) and set off in frantic—and futile—pursuit of conservative white men.

The coalition that fought the Bork nomination showed how to reach the majority. The White House campaign to portray Bork opponents as special interests fizzled because the anti-Bork coalition did more than compile the objections of member organizations. Instead, it offered a broad thematic critique of Bork's narrow, zero-sum reading of the Constitution. Bork lost not because of any of the positions he has held but because of his pinched view that civil rights are doled out by the state. Most Americans embrace the more democratic idea that liberties inhere in the individual. The impending rejection of Bork is a ratification of that vision and proof that it is good politics besides.

GOD'S OWN CANDIDATE
Andrew Kopkind

AIDS-DRUG UNDERGROUND
Anne-christine d'Adesky

AZT: DYING FOR DOLLARS?
Tim Kingston

PRIVATIZING HEALTH CARE
Mimi Abramovitz

MORRISON'S 'BELOVED'
Rosellen Brown

A WASHINGTON FAIRY TALE

THE BALLAD OF FAWN AND ARTURO

JEFFERSON MORLEY

To understand why the United States is sponsoring the *contras*' war in Nicaragua, we should not overlook the tale of Fawn Hall and Arturo Cruz Jr. She is the former secretary of Lieut. Col. Oliver North; he is the dapper son of a prominent *contra* leader. They are the fruit of American political culture, a decently typical daughter of the Baby Boom and an assimilated immigrant. They remind us that the elusive thing known as U.S. foreign policy originates as much in social mythology as in anything else.

Fawn aspires to be an icon of American innocence; Arturo, though raised in Nicaragua, is a model of American guilelessness. She is intelligent but not savvy, naïve but not innocent; he is brilliant and irresponsible. So too with *contra* policy. The Reagan Administration's policy is so clever as to be stupid, so well intentioned as to be criminal. The dimensions of Fawn and Arturo are in some sense the dimensions of U.S. policy in Central America: The innocence and the good intentions of the United States combine to justify war on Nicaragua. The *contra* couple bless us with a comic and horrifying fable of our times—yuppie love as a parable for covert war.

The social myths to which Fawn and Arturo appeal are not exclusive to any one political persuasion, nor are they necessarily false. Myths reconcile contradictions in real-life actions. They are fictions with a deep symbolic truth for the people who choose to believe in them.

Fawn is the Girl Next Door sent over by the Central Casting of American myth. She, far more than the oddball North, is our national hero. She presents herself as innocent and allur-

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LETTERS.

PRIOR RESTRAINT

Waltham, Mass.

I was very depressed to read Philip Green's account of his college-days run-in with Michael Dukakis ["A Sort of Memoir," Aug. 29]. I was depressed because Professor Green clearly believes that he has learned something, that he has become wiser with age. Yet in 1953 Green took action to deprive the likes of Carl Marzani and I.F. Stone of a forum at Swarthmore College; in 1982 he took action to deprive Jeane Kirkpatrick of a forum at Smith College. The underlying principle is the same: The enemies of the people have enough forums already and have no need of additional ones. Only the identity of the "enemies of the people" has changed—then, the enemies were the useful idiots of Stalin; now, the enemies are "apologist[s] and propagandist[s]" who see Stalin's face in that of every nationalist leader.

I do not know why Dukakis decided to co-sponsor Stone to speak at Swarthmore. I suspect it was not because he "knew something . . . about the importance of nurturing left-wing speech in a capitalist society." I suspect it was that Dukakis knew things about liberty and democracy that Green did not, and I fear will never know.

Brad De Long

GREEN REPLIES

Northampton, Mass.

I'm sorry Brad De Long is depressed, but he didn't read me very carefully. No one tried to keep either Marzani or Stone from speaking at Swarthmore in 1953. The only issues were, first, whether Students for Democratic Action should co-sponsor them and, second, whether the organization that was inviting them should be made to invite a broader range of people—people like Jeane Kirkpatrick. (Incidentally, I am informed by someone with a memory more reliable than mine that the then newly constituted Forum for Free Speech did not invite William F. Buckley to speak at Swarthmore; another organization did. That makes me very happy, in retrospect, if true. My informant can't remember whom the Forum did invite next.)

De Long also didn't read the present tense of my memoir very carefully. "We demanded that the honorary degree [for Kirkpatrick] be revoked." What on earth does that have to do with "liberty and democracy"? "We . . . let the students know that . . . principles of academic freedom argued against revoking the invitation to speak." Clear? What I will repeat more explicitly is this: It is *not* a danger to liberty, democracy or freedom of speech when government officials, who in modern societies virtually monopolize the mass media, are deprived of some additional forum in which to speak (though if the forum is a college campus, their potential audience may be deprived to some degree of its academic freedom, or at least some of its members may be). In fact, I'd be willing to argue something like the contrary to De Long: As long as Presidents and their servants are automatically granted constant access to the media of mass communication, to the consequent exclusion of others, we are to that extent unlikely ever to achieve a meaningful degree of democracy. To paraphrase A.J. Liebling's famous query, What good is a free press to the person who doesn't have access to one? I wish De Long would reflect awhile on that question. Of course the answer is not "none," but we aren't all equal in this regard either, and just as in other areas of life, compensatory behavior ("affirmative action") is necessary to do justice to those who are the most deprived, or the most outcast or the most oppressed. Which in some version, I'm pretty sure, is precisely what Mike Dukakis had in mind back in 1953.

Philip Green

UNSPORTING NEWS

New York City

Give me a break. Don't you guys ever let up? Editorials complaining about sports ["All in the Game," Sept. 26]? Good grief. I presume employees at *The Nation* watch only public television and read *Playboy* for the articles, too. There is, in case you did not know, a lighter side to life. When you wake up on Sunday morning, what do you want? An up-to-the-minute *New York Times* Week in Review or scores? If you're me, there is no contest. The last thing I want to do on a Sunday is reflect on the past week. Sunday is a day of rest. A rest from *contra*gate, Bork and the Pope. In fact, I'd prefer wedding updates over R.W. Apple's week. As far as the decision by CBS to pre-empt news for tennis, live anything is better than regurgitated news. The final set of a tennis match—priceless human drama, high tension, camera pans updating the doings of the rich and famous. I'll take a six-minute bye on Dan Rather. Hey, if I don't like it I can always turn the channel. CBS isn't the end-all.

Actually, from the way your editorial is written, I think you agree with me. *The Nation* admits it can do without an up-to-date Week in Review, only to realize, therefore, that there is no real reason for the editorial. So out of the blue comes the kicker—some line about how the media can't cover politics. In my book, that's a non sequitur.

Peter D. McKillop

PEOPLE POWER

Washington

Harvey Wasserman's article "Summer of Our Discontent" [Sept. 12] accurately portrayed the growing dichotomy between the public and our elected officials with respect to nuclear power. While Congress and the Reagan Administration discuss plans for a second generation of nuclear plants, the public is actively fighting to close existing reactors. ***Shutdown Strategies: Citizen Efforts to Close Nuclear Power Plants***, a report released earlier this year by Public Citizen (215 Pennsylvania Avenue S.E., Washington, DC 20003), highlights the dozens of shutdown battles now under way from Tennessee to California, which reflect the growing recognition that nuclear power is too dangerous and too costly. Let us hope that in 1988, voters—with the help of anti-Seabrook activists in New Hampshire—can bring that message to the politicians courting our support.

Joseph Kriesberg
Public Citizen

WHO STARTED THE ARGUMENT?

New Haven, Conn.

When Catherine MacKinnon was a student at Yale Law School, she wrote a paper under my supervision that originated and developed the argument that has become accepted in establishing sexual harassment as a legal term of art and a form of sex discrimination. She also advanced a new approach to equal protection. The paper was later revised as her book, ***Sexual Harassment of Working Women***, to reflect the victories in which it was instrumental.

I hope this clears up the inaccurate and misleading statements in Maureen Mullarkey's reply to letters in the Aug. 1/8 issue of *The Nation*.

Thomas I. Emerson

WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON?

Brighton, Mich.

Michael Moore's personalized attack on me ["Letters," Sept. 5] for questioning his facts and his analysis of automotive disinvestment from Flint speaks for itself. I plead guilty to a political practice that distinguishes among companies, national unions and states, and that does not reduce the current industrial terrain to a simple war of corporatist elites against the rank and file.

I write now only to correct a new factual error that his letter adds to those in his article ["In Flint, Tough Times Last," June 6]. While I periodically speak to U.A.W.-G.M.-paid education leave groups, and while some of my colleagues at the Industrial Technology Institute get research support from General Motors, I hardly "work as a consultant to G.M." Unlike Moore, G.M. understands full well that my purpose in writing "all the politically correct things about [its] abandonment of Michigan's black, unionized cities" is not to discredit him or to "please" (!) G.M. and "the Michigan political establishment." Like Moore, G.M. apparently has no use for us "liberals," especially those of us who insist on functioning as open socialists. Unlike Moore, G.M. thinks he and I have more in common than what separates us; I hope they're right for once.

Dan Luria

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EDITORIALS.

Has the F.B.I. Really Changed?

It would be nice to think that the ulcer flare-up that caused William Sessions to postpone his swearing in as the new Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation was brought on by his revulsion at the revelations contained in Natalie Robins's exposé in last week's issue of *The Nation* ["The Defiling of Writers"], and Herbert Mitgang's parallel disclosures in the October 5 *New Yorker*, of the Bureau's mind-boggling attempt under J. Edgar Hoover to police this country's literary imagination.

Despite the cumulative power of the revelations contained in the two articles, the temptation, encouraged by the Bureau—which claims that it stopped keeping files on American authors eleven years ago—is to consign the subject to the dustbin of history as something that happened in what are comfortably dismissed as the "bad old days." That temptation is especially strong in view of the vindication of Penn Kimball, the retired Columbia University journalism professor who last week won a settlement in his lawsuit against the F.B.I., the Central Intelligence Agency and the State Department. Kimball, whose book *The File* told the harrowing story of how false charges of disloyalty in his own F.B.I. file haunted him for years, dropped his suit after

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the government conceded that it had been wrong and that there had been no basis for denying him a security clearance in 1946.

But hold the champagne. In that same week, President Reagan gave an interview to the editor of *The Washington Times* that sounded suspiciously like a rerun of his cold war radio commentaries for General Electric. He lamented the Russians' success in making anticommunism unfashionable, blamed a Moscow disinformation campaign for doing in the old Congressional committees that investigated un-Americanism and charged that the media, as well as Congress, were the chief dupes of the Commie propaganda.

Such is the political milieu in the White House, which presumably inspires today's F.B.I. And it prompts the question, Just what is the Bureau doing today? In a statement last week in response to the Robins/Mitgang revelations, the F.B.I. insisted that there had been strict guidelines since 1976 governing its investigation of suspected domestic subversion. Actually, the guidelines were not all that strict [see Frank Anskin and Stephen Gillers, "Guidelines for Jackboots," *The Nation*, February 28, 1976]. Nevertheless, under the rules originally issued by Attorney General Edward Levi and subsequently watered down by Attorney General William French Smith, the F.B.I. is not permitted to carry on domestic security investigations unless there is evidence of a criminal act committed for political purposes. As a result, the number of domestic security/terrorism investigations has indeed dropped, from more than 20,000 in 1973 to a mere fifty-four in 1980 and about two dozen full investigations today.

But in last week's statement, the F.B.I. said nothing about guidelines governing so-called foreign intelligence investigations. Based on the Bureau's past practices in this area—most recently its surveillance of the Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador, as revealed by Representative Don Edwards's Subcommittee on Civil and Constitutional Rights—we may assume that a writer (or anyone else for that matter) traveling abroad or a person speaking at an event co-sponsored by an organization with suspect foreign ties is a potential target for an F.B.I. "foreign counterintelligence" investigation. The key question, then, is whether so-called foreign counterintelligence investigations are subject to the same guidelines as domestic security investigations. Until now, we could not know because we were told that the guidelines are classified. How many such investigations are currently under way? We cannot know because the number is classified. Have the House and Senate Intelligence Committees been aggressive in keeping track of these investigations as part of their oversight duties? Or have they been content to sit passively and receive cosmeticized briefings? We cannot know because the proceedings are closed—that is, classified.

Now, in a hitherto unpublished letter that Representative Edwards received as chair of the Subcommittee on Civil and Constitutional Rights this June from John Otto, Acting Director of the F.B.I., comes a startling admission that provides a partial answer to the key question:

> If credible information comes to the FBI's attention that a group or entity is acting under the direction and control of a hostile foreign power, the FBI may initiate a counterintelligence investigation. Such an investigation could be initiated even though the activities of the group or entity do not, on their face, violate a criminal statute.

In other words, in the foreign counterintelligence area, the F.B.I. can undertake an investigation of a person or group without having to make any finding that a crime has been committed. Given the F.B.I.'s history of exploiting such loopholes to satisfy its passion for wiretapping, breaking and entering, planting informants who eventually turn out to be *agents provocateurs* and all the other dirty tricks from its black bag, it is of critical importance that the question of F.B.I. practices and procedures be restored to the top of the progressive political agenda. This could include proposals requiring the Bureau to obtain informer warrants and adhere to a criminal standard in foreign counterintelligence investigations involving U.S. citizens and for making oversight a reality. Civil liberties organizations, F.B.I. watchers, presidential aspirants, Congress and the new F.B.I. Director all ought to attend to these matters at their earliest convenience—or inconvenience, as the case may be.

God's on His Side

Manchester, New Hampshire

Pat Robertson believes that "God has a plan for everyone," but what purpose was served by His servant's visit to the bowels of Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant district to announce his presidential candidacy has yet to be revealed. The former Reverend Robertson—he resigned from the ministry to campaign for secular office—had lived and preached in Bed-Stuy twenty-seven years ago, but the plan changed radically after that, and in recent times Robertson found himself tending a TV flock of millions with more means at their command, and more contributions to offer, than the poor blacks of his first congregation. Network tycoon, bank board member, horse breeder, university founder, confidante of Presidents and fired national security aides, Robertson seemed to have God on his side and money to burn.

At 1 P.M. on October 1 Robertson was back in Brooklyn but the reception was far from cordial. Fewer than a hundred supporters sat in the little white chairs in front of the old brownstone at 33 Monroe Street, where he once plied the preacher's trade, and there were almost as many protesters on the sidelines as congregants in the chairs. Local residents sat on their stoops or hung out on the corner, keeping their political and emotional distance. Roosevelt Grier, the 1960s footballer who did celebrity blocking for the Kennedy brothers, was one of a handful of born-again blacks with Robertson. "I am precious, I am a dynamo, I'm unique, I'm one of a kind," he shouted mysteriously, by way of an introduction for Robertson and his wife, Dede. All told, it was not a sympathetic crowd. "It looks like Robertson can't even get a plurality at his own announce-

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ment event," one political tourist from Boston said when it was over.

Bed-Stuy behind it, the Robertson party decamped for New Hampshire, where a warmer welcome was certainly predictable. In fact, the operatives here had done a bang-up job of organizing fundamentalist churches from the Massachusetts border to Quebec to become a base for the campaign. It does not now constitute a majority of Republican voters, but it has missionary zeal and the energy that comes from a first-time entrance into politics, and if Robertson ever figures a way to break out of the church and into the party mainstream, he could go far.

"We're not running for Creator," Robertson told the traveling press before he reannounced his candidacy to a thousand or more ecstatic supporters at the Manchester Holiday Inn. Nobody's perfect in politics. Robertson admits to a few moral relativist positions. He is ignoring, for the moment, a right-wing boycott of the Holiday Inn chain, which apparently pipes porn into its bedroom TV sets. He plays down his religious career as well as certain miracles for which he once took credit, such as the deterrence by prayer of hurricane Gloria from the Southeast coast in 1985 and a mass healing of hemorrhoids in an afflicted audience. It's sort of a shame. All the candidates talk about crime and drugs and foreign debt, but not one of them can deliver a cure, and here is a man with a plan for the real problems and present dangers of everyday life.

Instead, Robertson is concentrating on anticommunism overseas (he singles out "freedom fighters" in Angola, Mozambique, Nicaragua and Afghanistan for specific support), political re-education in school (the "leftist" National Education Association is the target there) and moral regeneration in the home (only two-parent, welfare-resistant, prayerful families are eligible for the ticket to heaven).

Robertson's evening in Manchester was awash in patriotic gore; every stirring song was sung, the colors were trooped, God was invoked and His benediction implored for the national purpose. The "event" here (the word is ubiquitous on the campaign circuit this year) seemed more like a graduation ceremony at a Southern military academy than a New England political rally. But what was most curious about its message was that Robertson and his audience assumed it was 1980, not 1987, that the years of Reaganism had somehow never happened, that the left was in power and that all the items on the right-wing agenda at the beginning of the decade had still to be implemented: prayer in the schools, a ban on abortion, support for the nuclear family, rolling back Reds in the Third World, defeating drugs and locking up criminals for life (and death).

"Reagan didn't exactly fail," one of Robertson's national advisers told me later in the evening, in a reception for the press high atop the Holiday Inn, with its X-rated entertainment (presumably) roaring sacrilegiously beneath. "It just stopped after Stage I," which was, "making it respectable to be a conservative in America," the aide explained. The trouble was that Reagan had appointed too many "moderates" to his Cabinet, who then hired more moderates, and so on until the whole Administration sold out the rightist movement.

"No moderates for you, if you're elected?" I asked. "I wouldn't say that," he replied carefully. "We need moral leaders, whatever their politics." It was hard to disagree.

ANDREW KOPKIND

Remembering Che

The first time I went to Latin America, in the mid-1970s, I hitched a ride at one point on a Peruvian lumber truck. Each of its mud flaps carried a stenciled version of Alberto Korda's famous portrait of Che Guevara, "the heroic *guerrillero*." Two years later, in Guatemala, I came across the same image woven into a pair of nylon socks that were on sale in a street market near the Mexican border.

After he was killed in Bolivia, twenty years ago last week, Guevara provoked a greater volume of iconography than most political figures, and in the oddest variety of media. A London publisher pulled together some of the best in an anthology called *Viva Che*. There were laments, outbursts of anger and essays in hagiography from Jean-Paul Sartre and Thomas Merton, from Robert Lowell and Susan Sontag. In good summer-of-love fashion, there was even a "Haiku for Che" by the British poet Christopher Logue ("December. Late birds shake their wings./On the snowy windscreen of a car, I write/CHE LIVES!").

On one side, the face that adorned a thousand student dorm rooms; on the other, a demon/icon of equal weight; and in the end, an equal abstraction. A lot of Washington pundits thought Guevara's death in the jungle was "Fidel's Bay of Pigs." *Newsweek* hoped he would be remembered as "a zealot, humorless, arrogant, ruthless and sometimes brutal in his dedication to his own simplistic version of history." The path from abstraction to parody is a particularly short one. In 1969 Hollywood delivered its verdict with the laughable movie *Che!* starring Omar Sharif. In this, Guevara tells a Bolivian peasant that he has come to free him. "To free me from what?" the peasant asks. "Ever since you came to these mountains with your guns and your fighting, my goats give no milk." At its end, the movie seeks to make Che safe for the American collective memory, when it reassures the audience that "the C.I.A. was not involved in any way."

That was entirely false. While a team of Green Berets stationed in Panama taught jungle warfare to the Bolivian

(*Continued on Page 417*)

COMING UP

Dev Murarka on the Rediscovery of Soviet History

Steven Wishnia on the Dead Kennedys Censorship Case

Steve Visser on High School Freedom of the Press

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

The Bankers' Hero

It is gratifying that Mario Vargas Llosa has finally torn off his false whiskers, as Wooster so finely put it at the start of *Joy in the Morning*, and emerged in the full light of day as the unashamed agent of international capital. For years this Peruvian novelist has been the pinup boy of literary conclaves, libeling those to his left—a high percentage of the creative community—and insinuating that novelists such as Gabriel García Márquez had compromised the integrity of their art, while he himself had steered clear of such *trahisons des clercs*. I saw him pull this act last year at the PEN conference on the Writer and the State, where his spleen against Márquez was palpable.

The cause of his tearing off the above-mentioned false whiskers is the attempt by Peruvian President Alan García to gain a modicum of control over his country's economy. Such attempts began some time ago, when García declared that Peru would pay no more than 10 percent of export earnings to service its debts to foreign, but mostly U.S., banks. In this he differed only in level of rhetoric from his conservative predecessor, who limited debt service but kept his mouth shut about what he was doing.

García has used the money that would have drained from Peru to stimulate the economy, being fortified in this enterprise by a cadre of economists known as the Group of the Bold, who have evicted the monetarists from Peru's Treasury and Central Bank. For a time García also stopped paying the World Bank when that institution was not forthcoming with new loans. Now García is proposing to nationalize Peru's domestic banking industry to stop capital flight and a cycle of devaluations of the sol. On June 28 he announced that his government would expropriate all ten of Peru's banks, along with six finance and seventeen insurance companies. García says four business groups monopolize access to credit and strangle development. He calls for democratization of credit. Overall, his strategy is Keynesian social democratic in nature: to provide real wage increases along with heavy subsidies to Peru's major domestic capitalists, thus bolstering demand and the domestic market.

Spokesman for the opposition to this scarcely revolutionary strategy is Mario Vargas Llosa, who has likened García to Hitler and has proclaimed that totalitarianism lurks just around the corner. Things could get nasty very quickly. As Douglas Henwood has pointed out in his monthly newsletter, "Left Business Observer": "Until recently the [international] banks hadn't played hardball with Peru. Since the nationalization, however, they've cut back on short-term trade credits. If this continues, Peru would have to pay for imports COD, which would be enough to force the moment to its crisis." *The Economist* has said that García is not "another Allende—yet," and also noted that, unlike its Chilean equivalent, Peru's army is not one to make a deal with the I.M.F. But as Henwood remarked, García should not walk under any ladders. Meanwhile, Vargas Llosa has become the toast of *The Wall Street Journal*, which hailed him most recently in an October 6 editorial. In Peru, according to a Latin American representative of ECO-Andes, a humanitarian organization for the Andes region, "Vargas Llosa is trying to gather the right wing politically and using his reputation as a novelist to move that along. People even joke that maybe he will be the right wing's candidate for president." This is not the first time he has conducted maneuvers complicit with power. In 1984 he headed a commission that absolved the Peruvian military of any responsibility for the massacre of eight journalists in the village of Uchuraccay. This was a whitewash, as Amnesty International declared the killings a direct result of the conservative government's security policy and urged, unsuccessfully, that the investigation be reopened.

Footnote: "Left Business Observer," salutary antidote to the economic mush in mainstream periodicals, is available from 250 West 85th Street, New York, NY 10024, $15 a year (institutions, $40). (212) 874-4020.

The Execution of Ben Linder

True to form, *The New York Times Magazine* chose to anticipate the upcoming Congressional vote on aid to the *contras* by running an admiring cover story about them on October 4 by James LeMoyne. I came upon this unpleasing material, heavy with the iconography of youthful purity of resolve, in the wake of a well-attended conference in Portland, Oregon, on Central America, organized "in the spirit of Ben Linder." Among those present was Michael Ratner of the Center for Constitutional Rights, who had just concluded an inquiry on behalf of Linder's parents into the precise circumstances of their son's death. It has become an article of faith with the right that Ben Linder, armed and dressed in a Sandinista army uniform, was killed during a fire fight between the *contras* and Nicaraguan regulars, so this is an appropriate occasion to review what is known about what happened in San José de Bocay on April 28.

After Linder's death both the U.S. Embassy in Honduras and the *contra* "human rights" outfit Asociación Nicaraguense por Derechos Humanos (A.N.P.D.H.) interviewed, respectively, five and eight of the relevant *contras*, from which interviews stemmed the following account. The *contras* claim to have been told by informants that a dam was being built at San José de Bocay and that two foreigners—one of whom was Cuban—were involved in the project. They scouted the site on April 27 and set up an ambush the next day, arriving near the dam at 6 A.M. They saw ten armed Sandinistas in military uniform walking along in single file and yelled, "Surrender." The Sandinistas shouted back, "Patria libre" and opened fire. In the fight that ensued the *contras* killed five men with a combination of grenade blasts and machine-gun fire; they approached the bodies to strip them of their weapons and found only three, the others having fallen in the river and been swept away.

After an initial suggestion by the State Department that he talk to the *contras* in Miami, Michael Ratner was granted a meeting at the embassy in Tegucigalpa with the Deputy Chief of Mission and a State Department lawyer, who had

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come down specially from Washington. They stated they had no intention of cooperating; furthermore, the embassy had destroyed both the notes made during interviews with the *contras* and the diagrams prepared by the *contras* themselves.

An A.N.P.D.H. representative refused to release to Ratner the tape recordings of interviews the organization had conducted with the *contras* but conceded he was somewhat skeptical of their account. Former *contra* field commanders said the account was ludicrous, since ambushers do not issue calls to surrender nor soldiers cry "Patria libre" as they dive for cover. Journalists told Ratner that the *contras* preferred to give their story in group session and became edgy if attempts at separate questioning were made.

A lawyer for the Center for Constitutional Rights then interviewed the witnesses in Nicaragua, some twenty-five in all. By this cumulative testimony, Linder and a group of six men set off for the dam from the village of San José de Bocay at about 7:30 A.M. on April 28. Four of the six Nicaraguans were somewhat older peasants, living in a relocation camp in the village and recruited by Linder as volunteer labor. They were dressed not in army uniform but in militia rig—green shirts and flat-topped caps—and were armed. The two other Nicaraguans wore everyday clothing and were unarmed. Linder himself carried an automatic rifle and wore a blue shirt and work pants.

Although the dam was only a mile from the village, it took Linder and his team about an hour to get up to the construction site. One man leading a donkey stayed on the village side of the stream, while the others crossed over. Linder sat on a rock, put his gun on the ground and began to review his notes on a yellow pad. The men also laid down their guns, and one began to mix cement. At the sound of explosions and gunfire, the four armed peasants from the relocation camp immediately fled. One of them looked back and saw *contras* emerge from their hiding place above the dam and approach the spot where Linder was lying.

Back in the village the noise of gunfire and explosions alerted everyone to the likelihood of an ambush at the dam, and both soldiers and civilians labored up the hill. They found Linder lying in a small dip in the ground, perhaps where he had tried to take cover. His gun, camera and notes were missing. Downstream were the bodies of Sergio Hernández and Pablo Rosales, the former shot through the ear at close range and the latter bayoneted through the heart. Linder's autopsy was carried out in Matagalpa by Dr. Francisco Balladares, an experienced forensic pathologist, who subsequently reviewed his findings with Dr. Michael Baden, chief pathologist for the New York State Police. He concluded that Linder was first felled by grenade shrapnel or possibly shotgun pellets in the back of his legs and then shot through the right temple, at a range of less than two feet, possibly two to four inches, while he was lying on the ground.

Is it likely that the *contras* thought they were confronting an army unit? Evidently not. From their ambush they were obviously looking at a construction site, given the sand, cement, iron reinforcing rods and tools that were lying about. Earlier, *contras* had threatened to kill everyone, including Linder, associated with a power project in El Cuá, and Linder's blue and yellow truck was well known in the region around San José de Bocay. He and his team were wiring houses that had never enjoyed the amenity of electricity. It is also likely, though there is at present no evidence to confirm it, that U.S. personnel monitoring radio communications throughout Nicaragua and advising the *contras*, knew exactly who was at San José de Bocay. It is entirely conceivable to me that the *contras*' C.I.A. supervisors, at the time of the long-awaited spring offensive, had thought it appropriate to remind internationalists that it was open season on them, as on all Nicaraguan citizens.

Disinformation

The New York Times Magazine has a remarkable record for generating propaganda packages, in the genre of LeMoyne's article, at politically opportune moments. Most conspicuous of these was the manic screed on terrorism by Robert Moss published right before the 1980 election. Now a General Accounting Office report has lifted a corner of the carpet on the delicate matter of the relationship between the Reagan disinformation machine and the press, charging that the State Department's Office of Public Diplomacy might have had a hand in, among other things, a March 11, 1985, Op-Ed piece in *The Wall Street Journal* by John Guilmartin of Rice University, who was a consultant to the office. I remember the Guilmartin piece well and attacked it at the time, since it was more than usually insane on the subject of Nicaragua's military defenses, suggesting that a tank assault on Honduras (across a number of rivers and mountain ranges) might be in the offing. A further allegation, that State Department consultants prepared Op-Ed articles for signatures by *contra* leaders, has led to virtuous assertions by *The Times* that it has always been "meticulous" in verifying authorship of Op-Ed pieces. Maybe so. A former close friend of Robert Leiken has told me that Leiken had proudly, though privately, acknowledged authorship of Op-Ed material going out under the name of Arturo Cruz.

More generally, it now is a matter of record that one of Oliver North's main projects was the generation of disinformation through such vehicles as the Office of Public Diplomacy. Reaganism *is* disinformation. In a June article in *The Miami Herald*, Alfonso Chardy described some of the deeds of the Office of Public Diplomacy, which was regularly patronized by mainstream journalists who relayed the propaganda while concealing its origins. The most effective coup was the dissemination, on the night of the U.S. presidential elections, of a report that a cargo of MIG fighters was nearing Nicaragua. That story, put out by the networks at a moment of maximum national audience, obliterated the memory of the Nicaraguan elections held two days earlier and floated the proposition that there might be cause for a U.S. invasion if Nicaragua thus protected itself. Congressional hearings on such episodes would constitute a true education on the relationship between press and power.

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BELTWAY BANDITS.

DAVID CORN
JEFFERSON MORLEY

■ The Foggy Bottom Sweepstakes

The 1988 campaign for Secretary of State is in full swing. Candidates are pounding the carpeted floors of boardrooms, nibbling croissant sandwiches at think-tank conferences and taking "fact-finding missions" around the world at other people's expense. Among the Democrats, opposition to *contra* aid and Star Wars is highly desirable but perhaps not essential. By the conventional wisdom, here are the favorites.

Warren Christopher (5 to 1), the number-two official in the Carter State Department, is the leading insider-consensus candidate. He mixes in establishment circles (Stanford University board of trustees and the Council on Foreign Relations) and pushes his speeches and articles on "friends." Sol Linowitz (7 to 1), Carter's negotiator of the Panama Canal Treaty, would bring slightly more liberal credentials to the job. As head of the Inter-American Dialogue, Linowitz has brought together a coalition of high-minded establishment figures to back the Central American peace plan. There are questions, though, about his age and health. Paul Warnke (10 to 1), Carter's former arms control adviser, would be a gutsy choice for an incoming Democrat serious about arms reductions and anti-interventionism. Long shots: Donald McHenry (15 to 1), the former U.S. representative to the United Nations and the sole black candidate; Walter Mondale (20 to 1). Scratched: Washington lawyer Lloyd Cutler, who backed Robert Bork's nomination; and former national security adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, who supports *contra* aid and Star Wars and has assisted Vice President George Bush. Look for Zbig in the Republican Derby.

■ Devil Dogs Contra Aid

When President Reagan decided to take a swipe at the Central American peace plan, his handlers sent him off to the annual convention of Concerned Women for America, an organization run by Beverly LaHaye, wife of TV evangelist Tim LaHaye. In front of 1,500 of the concerned, Reagan declared that he saw "inevitable complications" in the peace process and all but doomed it to failure. After the speech, the Rev. Jim Woodall conducted a workshop titled "The Truth about Nicaragua." Woodall, who runs a mission sponsored by the organization in Costa Rica, four kilometers from the Nicaraguan border, told a hundred or so women about the religious persecution and pain inflicted by the Sandinistas on their fellow citizens. Woodall claimed he has held thousands of Nicaraguan refugees in his arms and not one has ever mentioned a *contra* atrocity. Why then, asked one listener, do so many oppose *contra* aid? Woodall looked to his right, then to his left. He lowered his voice: "It's the spirit of the Antichrist." Heads nodded; some let out a long "aah." Reagan knew his crowd.

So did Elizabeth Dole, who spoke on "the difference Jesus Christ has made in my life." Perhaps in resigning from her post as Secretary of Transportation in order to campaign full-time for husband Bob, she had taken Beverly LaHaye's advice. In her book *The Spirit-Controlled Woman*, LaHaye wrote, "The woman who is truly Spirit-filled will want to be totally submissive to her husband. . . . Submission is God's design for women."

■ Bradley Retreats

John Ferch, the former U.S. Ambassador to Honduras, has joined the Washington staff of Senator Bill Bradley. Last year Bradley succumbed to the lust for Reaganite respectability by voting for aid to the *contras*. Ferch, a career Foreign Service Officer, was ousted as Ambassador in June 1986 by that ubiquitous pipsqueak of Reaganism, Elliott Abrams, and quickly became a blunt critic of U.S. policy. His arrival indicates that Bradley is rethinking his *contra* vote. The New Jersey Democrat discovered the personal cost of that vote when he tried to raise funds among wealthy California liberals and got his nose bruised by numerous slamming doors. Now that Reagan and his *contras* have been thoroughly discredited with the public, Bradley, ever careful to play it safe, can slink away from the *contra* cause by listening to Reagan's former Ambassador.

■ Corporate Criminals on Drugs

Of all the candidates in the presidential race, you might think that Pete du Pont, especially, would have some thoughts on the subject of corporate crime. Not so. The weekly "Corporate Crime Reporter" has sent a survey on the subject to each White House hopeful. Among other things, it straightforwardly asks whether the candidate agrees or disagrees that "corporate and white-collar crime is at least as serious a crime problem as street crime." Du Pont's deputy campaign manager wrote back, answering none of the points directly but enclosing information "which will respond to some of your questions." The responsive material included speeches on abolishing welfare, halting farm subsidies, creating a voucher system for schools and instituting mandatory, random, in-school drug testing of 13- to 18-year-olds.

■ Con Cons Conservatives

The Conservative Action Foundation, which presumably supports a tough law-and-order policy, last month announced as its new honorary chair a felon: former Representative George Hansen. In 1984 Hansen was convicted of filing false personal disclosure forms that did not list loans his wife received from billionaire Nelson Bunker Hunt and another businessman. The jury found that the loans were actually for Hansen. He picked up a five-to-fifteen-month jail sentence, a $40,000 fine and lost his seat in Congress; last year he served six months. C.A.F. claims Hansen was set up by "the liberal establishment" because of his hard-right views. On April 15, Hansen, a longtime critic of the Internal Revenue Service, was arrested for violating his parole travel restrictions and reincarcerated. "Coincidence? Or an attempt to silence his conservative beliefs?" the C.A.F. asks in its current newsletter. You decide. Hansen was released from jail October 1. He is, C.A.F. chair Lee Bellinger proclaims, "an activist and hero to conservatives everywhere."

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ARTICLES.

AIDS-DRUG UNDERGROUND

Breaking the F.D.A. Drugjam

ANNE-CHRISTINE D'ADESKY

Mounting disaffection with the Reagan Administration's response to acquired immune deficiency syndrome has led to the first civil class-action lawsuit against Federal health agencies for their alleged "arbitrary and capricious behavior" in the testing and release of promising AIDS drugs. The suit was lodged June 24 by two Californians who have tested positive for HIV (the AIDS virus) and by the San Francisco-based National Gay Rights Advocates (N.G.R.A.) on behalf of the 1.5 million people who have contracted AIDS since the disease first appeared in the United States, in 1980.

In its complaint, the N.G.R.A. accused the National Institutes of Health, the Food and Drug Administration and the Department of Health and Human Services of "deliberately delaying" the development of certain experimental drugs while favoring drug manufacturers licensed to develop N.I.H.-sponsored drugs. In addition, the N.I.H. was charged with failure to spend responsibly $47 million appropriated by Congress for the treatment of AIDS patients with experimental drugs. A dozen drugs, including the F.D.A.-approved azidothymidine (AZT), are listed in the lawsuit. In late August, a U.S. District Court granted a motion filed by the government that prohibited the N.G.R.A. from taking depositions. Last week, the N.G.R.A. filed an opposition brief against that decision, stating that it has discovered evidence of collaboration between the N.I.H. and Burroughs Wellcome, AZT's manufacturer.

The N.G.R.A. lawsuit follows months of protests and civil-disobedience actions by what insiders call the fast-growing "underground movement" of people with AIDS. Since around 1983, small groups of them across the country began forming a loose national network aimed at researching and procuring alternative therapies against the AIDS virus. Based largely in the urban gay communities of San Francisco and New York, the network has since spread to Washington, Houston and Miami, and has spawned dozens of People With AIDS (P.W.A.) groups in smaller cities. The underground communicates by telephone and computer bulletin boards, offering the latest medical research available from all over the world as well as helpful homemade formulas and personal experiences of treatments.

In the process, the movement has also developed into a vocal and critical political health lobby that monitors legislation relating to AIDS and pressures public health officials to redress what the P.W.A. groups see as "the complete failure of the U.S. health system" to care for their needs. "The movement developed because the F.D.A. was not making the drugs available," said Steve Gavin, a self-care activist with a background in chemistry.

Gavin said many individuals in the movement buy or produce the formulas of experimental drugs and establish self-treatment programs, with or without the advice of physicians. Since the discovery of the promising antiviral Ribavirin, difficult to obtain in the United States, P.W.A. groups have made dozens of trips to Mexico to buy the drug. Others are currently negotiating with private drug manufacturers in Switzerland willing to make Ribavirin and deliver it to the underground. Yet others, like Dave Roberson of Tulsa, Oklahoma, have discovered a loophole in the F.D.A. rules that permits the sale of Ribavirin in the United States if it is put in capsule form. So, the underground finds a pharmacist willing to encapsulate the imported drug, a physician willing to prescribe it in its legal form, and then bills private insurance companies for the prescription. "There are all sorts of ways and channels," said John James, San Francisco-based publisher of the national newsletter "AIDS Treatment News" (P.O. Box 411256, San Francisco, CA 94141; $12.50 a year).

"We're talking about people who face a death sentence if they wait for the F.D.A. to deliver these drugs," said Tom Hannan of the Manhattan P.W.A. Coalition. "People with AIDS are trying to inform themselves, and we have—to some extent—managed to buck the system in doing so."

The underground movement is largely made up of individuals like James and Gavin, who have combed the existing body of medical literature and taken risks with treatments that may be dangerous but could work. "We have found that a lot of people can learn an awful lot about these treatments without an understanding of biochemistry," said James. Today, he has completed forty-two issues of his newsletter, and his phone, like Gavin's, never stops ringing. "I can't keep up with the calls I get every day from private physicians who are sick of the F.D.A.," Gavin said. Independent researchers, foreign scientists and even experts from the N.I.H. and Centers for Disease Control also call.

"What's happening today is something that has not happened before in modern medicine—maybe never before," said Richard Dunne, executive director of the Manhattan Gay Men's Health Crisis. "The patient walks in to see the doctor and says, 'I'm on AZT and I'm having some side effects. What do you think of my taking cyclovir?' Physicians are overwhelmed that the P.W.A. is the expert," Dunne added, noting, "A P.W.A. said to me recently that his physician is someone he consults but that he makes the decisions."

The move toward self-care among AIDS patients has not occurred in a vacuum but is part of deeper changes taking place throughout the U.S. health care system. "Everything is magnified with AIDS," Dunne said. "All the problems that have existed, like hospital care, continuity of care, lack

Anne-christine d'Adesky is a New York City–based journalist who has been writing about AIDS since 1984.

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of coordinated case-management, unequal access . . . none of that is new."

The complex legal and ethical issues surrounding self-treatment have also been raised before—by cancer patients, the elderly, relatives of comatose persons. In the case of AIDS, should a physician advise a seriously ill patient to take an experimental drug that may not work and may harm him or her instead? Should researchers abandon the use of placebos in clinical trials for AIDS patients? Who is going to pay for those costly treatments? And, most important, who is going to decide, the living or the dying?

Dr. Joseph Sonnabend, a Manhattan private physician with a large AIDS caseload, said he was sympathetic to the self-help movement, based on what he viewed as the "perceived failure" of the medical establishment to help those with the disease. "I think there was a move toward people taking responsibility for their own health before AIDS," said Sonnabend, who noted that the stigma many people associate with AIDS as a sexually (read homosexually) transmitted disease had forced individuals to seek alternatives to the established health care system.

"I am surprised to find evidence of doctors avoiding their responsibility to care for patients with AIDS. They are putting the burden of health on the patient that more properly belongs to the doctor," he explained. Supporting his view was Surgeon General C. Everett Koop, who publicly stated on September 9 that physicians and health workers who refused to treat AIDS patients were "guilty of unprofessional conduct." Such behavior, said Koop, "threatens the very fabric of health care in this country." Hence, Sonnabend was not surprised to find patients abandoning their traditional relationship to doctors, both the authoritarian "physician as God" view and the more modern near-partnership between the informed patient and doctor. "There is now a third category in which the doctor's only role is to perform routine tests like blood work. Here the doctor is merely performing a service, and that is really going too far," said Sonnabend, who advocates partnership.

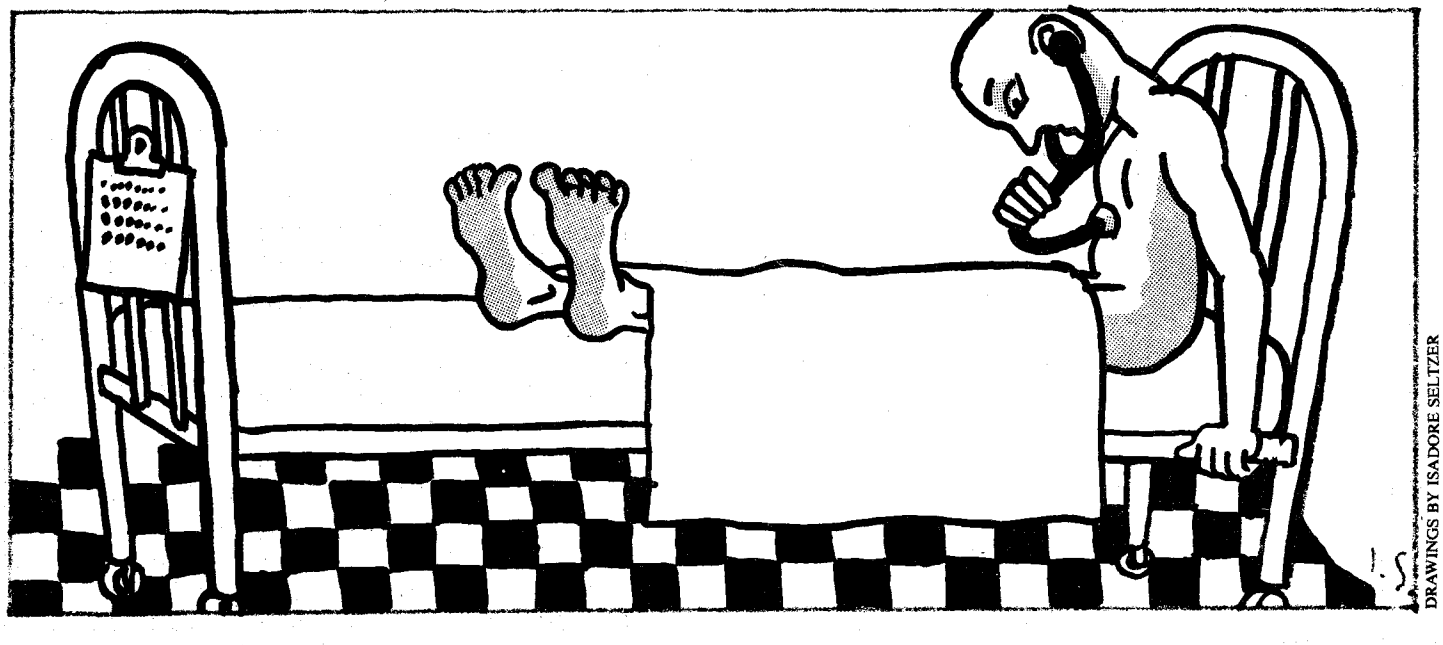
Dr. Sonnabend doesn't belittle the role of the F.D.A. "We need some regulation to protect people from dangerous drugs," he said. And even critics of the F.D.A. like Dunne of the Gay Men's Health Crisis admit that the agency "kept thalidomide out of America." While self-treatment supporters want to see immediate changes in the Federal agencies, they recognize that those cannot occur overnight.

Under a recent F.D.A. ruling on experimental AIDS drugs, several thousand severely ill AIDS patients are eligible to receive alternative treatments in F.D.A.-sponsored clinical trials. But F.D.A. Commissioner Frank Young retains the right to reject bids for testing drugs based on his determination of "insufficient evidence" of efficacy and toxicity. As a result, individuals with the disease who aren't imminently dying or those who have tested HIV seropositive might not be given access to the experimental drugs. Finally, the F.D.A.'s use of placebo control groups in the clinical trials required for drug approval has not changed.

In a move widely seen by P.W.A.s as a challenge to the F.D.A. rules on drug testing, California became the first state, on September 28, to enact its own drug-approval program for alternative treatments of HIV-related illnesses. With $500,000 in start-up funds, California will oversee manufacturers' applications for testing and sale of new drugs, requiring that those be made and distributed in California. The new law allows drug manufacturers to abide only by state requirements for testing and avoid the stiff F.D.A. rules.

Another bright spot has appeared with the formation of the Community Research Initiative, the investigative arm of the Manhattan P.W.A. Coalition. It has established the protocol for the first P.W.A.-sponsored treatment trial of aerosol pentamidine, on 200 people with pneumocystis carinii pneumonia, with the support of doctors from Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Institute. The aerosol pentamidine protocol was established with the scientific advisory board and institutional review boards requisite to meet the F.D.A. standards for drug evaluation outside of medical centers. Other protocols of the coalition, for ampligen, carrisyn (an aloe extract) and a lecithin substance, are being reviewed.

"I think it is unique and pretty tremendous because it al-



DRAWINGS BY ISADORE SELTZER

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lows for clinical trials in a broader setting," said Dr. Sonnabend. "I'm not aware of any other situation in which a community of sick people have set up a regulatory body to conduct research and treatment for their own beings. I think it is extremely important."

"It's true that treatment has all these problems ranging from [creating physical] disorders to doctors who have no experience," said Gavin. "But I think you have to weigh things. What they are finding out about the F.D.A. is that it is hindering much more than it is helping." □

DYING FOR DOLLARS?

The Unhealthy Profits of AZT

TIM KINGSTON

When azidothymidine (AZT), the only drug licensed by the Food and Drug Administration for the treatment of acquired immune deficiency syndrome, was approved for prescription sales on March 19, an almost palpable sigh of relief was heard throughout the nation—until people with AIDS learned how much they would be paying for it. At approximately $10,000 a year per patient, AZT could bankrupt not only individuals but also public health care in the United States. If individuals cannot pay for the drug, they will be thrown on the mercy of a health care system devastated by the Reagan Administration's spending cuts. Even without the spending limits, AZT would still pose a serious threat to public health care.

AZT is prescribed for pneumocystis carinii pneumonia, an opportunistic and, for those who suffer from AIDS, often fatal infection of the lungs. AZT is now being tested on asymptomatic individuals who test positive for HIV (the AIDS virus) and people suffering from AIDS dementia. Treatment with AZT both lengthens and dramatically improves the quality of life for some of those people, but the drug does have serious side effects. In 30 to 40 percent of those treated with the drug in an experimental program, the production of bone marrow was suppressed, requiring massive blood transfusions. Other side effects include debilitating headaches and extreme lethargy.

But price is the real "side effect." In some places AZT is reputed to cost upward of $14,000 a year. In San Francisco, AZT costs $193.64 for 100 tablets, which, at twelve a day, last about eight days. That works out to roughly $9,000 a year. A survey in New York found that pharmacies charge between $900 and $3,384 for a month's worth of pills; the wholesale cost is $752.

Nancy Krieger, a University of California, Berkeley, epidemiologist, called the licensing of AZT a "perverse advance." On the one hand, the unprecedented move allows any HIV-positive individual to apply for an AZT prescription—the first time an experimental drug has been made readily available to the affected population. On the other hand, individuals who want the drug now have to pay for it; that includes many of the people on AZT drug trials, who had been getting the drug free.

Burroughs Wellcome, the drug's manufacturer, argues that it has handed out $10 million worth of AZT free and can afford to no longer. But Bob Moore, a San Francisco resident with AIDS, is unimpressed. "I was a guinea pig for Burroughs Wellcome for four months, and now, after four months, I'll have to pay for it." Moore was out of work when diagnosed; he has to rely on savings to pay for the drug. "If someone is disabled, I don't see why the government can't provide Medicare. I spent thirty, forty years of my life working, earning a living so that I could enjoy my later years. It doesn't look like that is going to happen."

Burroughs Wellcome says the high price of the drug is justified by research and development expenses as well as an extremely complicated manufacturing process. The company claims to have spent some $80 million over and above normal development costs (a figure that cannot be verified, since Burroughs Wellcome refuses to open its books). Kathy Bartlett, public affairs officer for Burroughs Wellcome, declared she was "not at liberty to discuss any breakdown in costs," after being questioned about how Burroughs Wellcome arrived at the $10,000 a year price. She said, "That information is normally considered proprietary information not given out by the company." The firm argues that the raw material—thymidine, originally a rare product of herring sperm, now synthesized—is prohibitively expensive.

Tim Sweeney of the Gay Men's Health Crisis in New York City admits, "AZT reflects the current allowable pricing structure for new drugs on the market . . . [but] the current price is far beyond the reach of people with AIDS." This, according to Dr. George Stanley of the F.D.A., is the price we pay for living in a capitalist society: "Once the drug is out on the marketplace," he says, "the company controls the pricing."

Martin Delaney, co-founder of Project Inform, a San Francisco–based AIDS treatment information agency, charges: "I think that Burroughs Wellcome is very interested in getting all their money back as soon as possible, because the sun won't shine forever."

When asked if the company was trying to recover its investment before competitors get into the act, Bartlett admitted "that is a possibility," explaining, "the price is related to uncertainties in the future. We don't know how many people this drug will be appropriate for, and we do not know the status of other therapies."

In April, the British weekly *The Economist* estimated that AZT would bring Burroughs Wellcome "at least twice the $80 million it has invested in production facilities and raw materials." The magazine was moved to note that "the cost has more to do with the temporary monopoly which Burroughs enjoys than with research costs."

AZT has been very good business for Burroughs Well-

Tim Kingston is a reporter for the San Francisco newspaper Coming Up!, *which published a longer version of this article.*

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come, a subsidiary of Wellcome PLC of Great Britain. The shares of the British parent company have quadrupled in value on the London Stock Exchange. Wellcome PLC stock is now valued at roughly thirty times the company's projected earnings for 1987. Burroughs Wellcome already provides the parent firm with some 70 percent of its total profits; AZT can only add to that.

What is even more galling is that, even though AZT was developed at the Michigan Cancer Foundation, a private institution, basic research and development were carried out with Federal grants at taxpayer expense. AZT is a government drug. The logic behind Federal support for drug development is that the government can afford to fund basic research but not production and distribution, while private companies might not take the risk involved in groundbreaking research. When Dr. Samuel Broder of the National Institutes of Health discovered in clinical tests that AZT held promise in treating AIDS in humans, Burroughs Wellcome, which claims that it initially discovered AZT's antiviral activity in mice, took over production of the drug.

In July 1985 AZT was granted "orphan drug" status by the Federal government. As the name implies, orphan drugs are those with a limited market and of dubious profitability, so that companies must be enticed to manufacture them. The special status gives Burroughs Wellcome incredible advantages: exclusive marketing privileges for seven years and generous tax incentives. How AIDS treatment can be defined as a small market is unclear.

The search for a "magic bullet" against AIDS is clearly big business but, says Delaney, "What is at stake is not so much the AIDS market but the LAS [lymphadenopathy syndrome] and ARC [AIDS-related complex] markets, worth literally billions and billions of dollars. We are talking upwards of 2 million people. There is tremendous battling as to who gets the lead in the AIDS market, but financially the action is going to be in preventing the progression to AIDS."

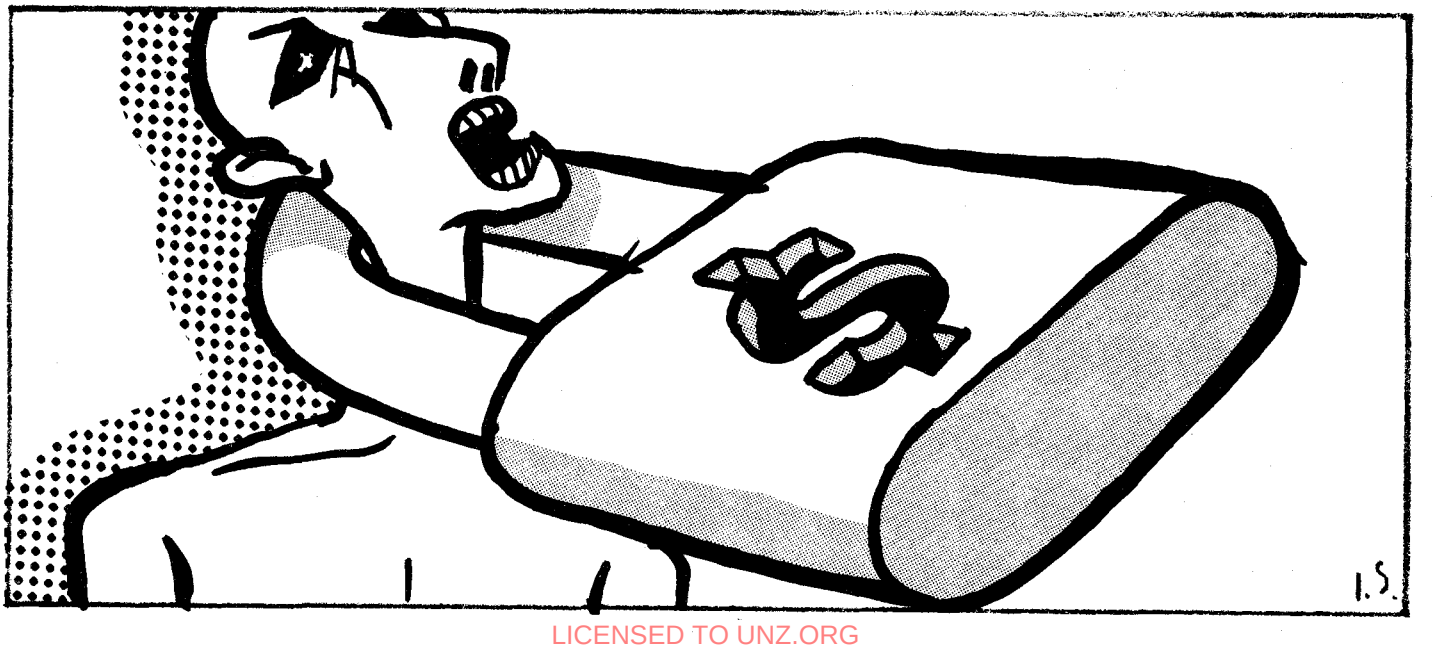
The controversy over AIDS goes to the heart of the American medical system's central dilemma: profits or people? At the moment, people come second. Those who cannot afford AZT—working people, people of color, those with inadequate or no health insurance—are likely to end up either without AZT or with the drug but with imperfect health care in the impoverished public health care system. Already, in San Francisco, guidelines are being developed as to who can and who cannot receive the drug; the city cannot afford to give AZT to all who need it.

"There will be a crunch on other public health care as more money goes to AIDS," asserts Dr. Bill Paul of the San Francisco–based Mobilization Against AIDS. "It's a Federal problem. It's obscene that San Francisco is being bled white. San Francisco is reaching its limits." If San Francisco, the AIDS treatment model for the nation, can go under, what is going to happen in the rest of the country, where public health authorities are even less prepared to deal with the epidemic? AIDS has strained an already overburdened public health care delivery system to the breaking point. How are those programs going to pay for AZT?

Bartlett did not sound happy when I asked about the possibility of people dying because they could not pay for the drug. Bartlett said, "That's a question that needs to be addressed by the entire health care system—employers, insurance companies, states and the Federal government."

In a way she is right; the AIDS crisis is not the fault of one company that is taking full advantage of the profits guaranteed to the health care industry of the United States. "Let them scream socialized medicine," challenged Urvashi Vaid of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force in Washington, calling for nationalized health care. "One thing we should have learned from the AIDS health crisis is that the health care delivery system in this country is totally bankrupt and immoral. It's not set up to deal with emergencies like this."

The only two major industrialized countries in the world that offer no form of guaranteed health care are the United States and South Africa. How long is it going to take us to change that, and how many people are going to die of AIDS before we do? □



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PRIVATIZING HEALTH CARE

The Bottom Line Is Society Loses

MIMI ABRAMOVITZ

The Reagan Administration wants private enterprise to operate more of the welfare state. It has encouraged the development of private, for-profit prisons, contracted with small firms rather than nonprofit agencies for social service programs, expressed interest in selling public housing projects to tenants, supported tuition tax credits that foster the use of private schools and considered replacing the Social Security program with individual retirement accounts and private life insurance plans.

Welfare state privatization is most advanced in health care. For years, Federal policies have subsidized health care providers, but more recently they have encouraged greater "competition" and more "cost sharing," arguing that market strategies make social welfare programs less costly and more efficient as well as improving the quality of care. Tax incentives for the development of health maintenance organizations and preferred-provider organizations were designed to make health care more competitive, as were those that encouraged employers to offer workers a choice of health care plans. On the assumption that "cost sharing"—through higher out-of-pocket costs—induces consumers to use services more selectively, the Reagan Administration more than once has raised Medicare deductibles and coinsurance charges; added new Medicaid user fees and copayments for home health care; and proposed that employer-paid health insurance premiums be taxed as income to workers. Similarly, public housing tenants now pay more of their income in rent; agencies consider the monetary value of food stamps when calculating income for those applying for benefits for public housing and Aid to Families with Dependent Children; and student loan requirements are more stringent. The power of competition and user fees to reduce program costs has not been firmly established, but they do decrease the use of services, particularly preventive services and especially by the poor. They also reinforce the inequalities between those who can and cannot pay.

The entry of corporations into the health care system has accelerated its privatization, transforming it from a competitive mix of municipal, small nonprofit and physician-owned for-profit hospitals into a monopolistic sector characterized by large investor-owned, multihospital chains. Individually owned proprietary hospitals have existed for decades, but their number fell relative to public and nonprofit hospitals from the late 1920s to the early 1970s, when new government policies changed the dynamics of the health care market. Although there still are fewer for-profit than public and nonprofit hospitals, the number of for-profits in investor-owned chains jumped from 378, or just 6 percent of the nation's hospitals, in 1975 to 878, or 13 percent of the total, in 1984. A 1980 survey found 176 chains owning or managing 294,199 beds; another reported 245 multihospital systems with 301,894 beds. Corporate chains also own, lease or manage many for-profit nursing homes and about 85 percent of all proprietary psychiatric beds. Organizations such as Kaiser, Blue Cross and Prudential have developed into chains themselves, consisting primarily of alternative health-care delivery systems. Industry analysts ranging from critic Arnold Ralman, editor of *The New England Journal of Medicine*, to the American College of Hospital Administrators, predict that for-profit chains will control from 30 to 60 percent of all U.S. hospitals and 50 percent of all nursing homes by the mid-1990s.

The system quickly became highly concentrated. The number of hospital consolidations jumped from five a year in 1961 to fifty a year in the early 1970s, as investor-owned corporations purchased small, often failing, for-profit and nonprofit hospitals. The ten largest chains own, operate or manage more than 11 percent of all U.S. hospitals and more than 70 percent of the for-profits. By 1981 the top three among the chains, Humana, the Hospital Corporation of America (H.C.A.) and American Medical International (A.M.I.), accounted for 75 percent of hospital chains' beds and the top four owned nearly half the nation's 1,000 proprietary hospitals.

Government policies have played a significant role in corporatizing health care. Although privatization may not have been the immediate or the only goal, the Federal government has regularly brought private enterprise into the delivery of health services. As far back as 1935, to stem the flow of New Deal dollars into the deteriorating public poorhouses, it restricted old-age assistance payments to small, profit-making convalescent facilities, laying the foundation for today's private nursing home industry. The defeat of numerous efforts to enact a national health insurance program in the late 1940s resulted in the development of an extensive system of private health insurance offered to workers as a fringe benefit. In the 1950s, welfare agencies began to pay private medical personnel to treat public-assistance recipients. In 1965 Congress created Medicaid and Medicare to reimburse those who provided health care to the aged and the poor, two groups whose high incidence of illness kept private insurers away. By 1985 the government funded more than 40 percent of all medical costs; private insurance paid for 30 percent, with individuals covering the remainder. Drug, hospital supply and insurance companies as well as private hospitals and physicians benefited from the public subsidy, which undercut the

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development of a more universal national health insurance program, not to mention a national health service. The availability of public and private insurance, combined with a projected surplus of doctors and a decline in the incidence of solo practices, paved the way for the emergence of profit-making hospital chains in the late 1960s.

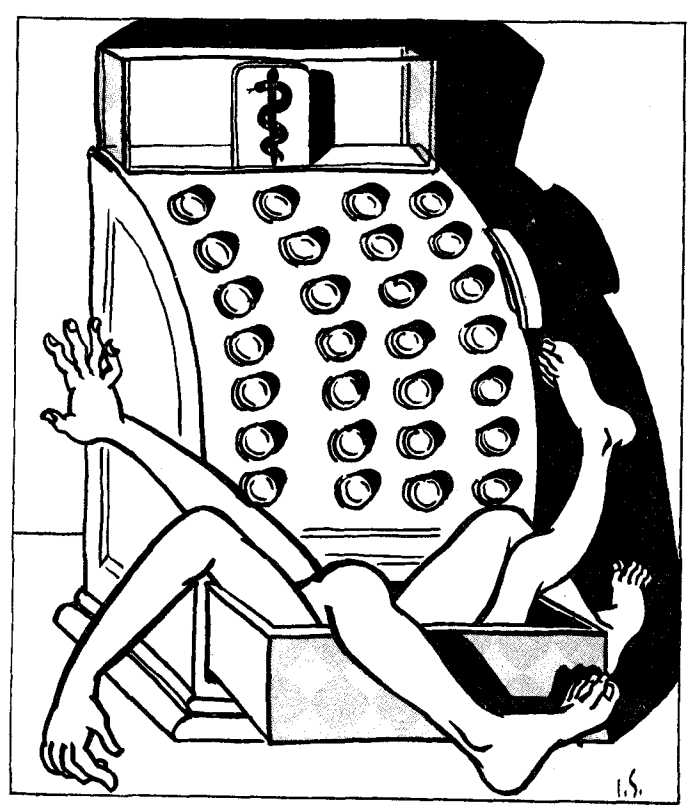
In the 1970s new corporate tax breaks and the exemption of health care institutions from antitrust provisions created additional incentives for investor-owned chains to enter the health care business. So did the growing number of financially troubled hospitals and nursing homes ripe for takeover due to government anti-inflation cost-control regulations and cuts in domestic programs. More recently, the Reagan Administration's attempt to regulate hospital costs using diagnostic-related groups and other measures has created strong incentives for for-profit facilities to promote outpatient services, psychiatric care and new equipment, on which there is less Federal regulation and more opportunity to pass costs on to the consumer.

For-profit hospitals make lots of money. By the early 1980s the thirty-eight major investor-owned chains grossed over $12 billion in revenues, with profit margins ranging from 15 to 30 percent. The after-tax profits of H.C.A. rose 55 percent in 1982 and 41 percent in 1983; from 1983 to 1985, the company retained earnings of $878 million. National Medical Enterprises (N.M.E.) earned $93 million in profits in 1983 and $149 million in 1985, while A.M.I.'s profits jumped 29 percent between 1982 and 1983. Advocates of privatization attribute these gains to economies of scale, diversification of holdings and efficient management practices, but the evidence increasingly suggests that large profits derive more from higher prices, lower labor costs and less service for the poor.

Several recent studies have found that, contrary to the claims of their supporters, for-profit hospitals provided more costly care than did voluntary or public hospitals. A major study conducted by the Institute of Medicine, a branch of the National Academy of Medicine, concluded in 1985 that for-profit hospitals charge, on average, 10 percent more than nonprofits; that per diem charges in those owned by corporations exceed those of other hospitals by 29 percent and that by avoiding physician training and clinical research on new treatments and medications, the for-profits "freeload" on the entire medical care system. A 1981 study found that for-profit and nonprofit hospitals charged similar amounts for routine items like room and board, but that the for-profits sharply marked up ancillary services like providing drugs and supplies. The for-profits also reported 13 percent higher administrative and general service costs. The chains themselves concede that patient charges often increase dramatically when they take over a public hospital. When A.M.I. bought a Texas county hospital, patient fees rose by 20 percent, the hospital's first significant increase in several years.

For-profit hospitals use staff cutbacks, unionbusting and computerization to bring down labor costs. To maximize its 1980 profits, the Humana hospital in Louisville lowered its full-time employee-to-patient ratio from 5.5 to 1 to 4.2 to 1. When N.M.E. contracted to manage the St. Louis city hospital and clinics in 1984, it discharged the entire work force to cancel all accrued benefits, eliminate jobs and break the union. Elsewhere in the United States, N.M.E. institutions cut the number of registered nurses on staff from 40 to 25 percent and hired lower-paid aides and other unlicensed medical workers in their place. Gateway Medical Systems, which specializes in taking over private, inner-city hospitals, typically slashes the payroll by half. Nor do hospital chains hesitate to close service units or entire hospitals if they do not yield adequate returns. In June 1986 hard times led N.M.E. to announce plans to sell up to eighteen of its fifty hospitals. Growing fiscal pressure for quick discharges and the increased use of computers caused total hospital employment to drop by 73,000, or 2.3 percent, in 1984. In 1985 Gerald McEntee, president of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees (AFSCME), stated that hospital takeovers have cost his union thousands of jobs.

By treating health care as a commodity, privatization has diminished the quality of services and made them less available to those less able to pay. The for-profit chains may provide quality care for some patients, but the poor, whose complex medical problems often require more expensive care, typically lose out. That is because for-profit hospitals gravitate to suburban communities and prosperous regions, where the expanding population tends to be well off, young and healthy, and where unions are generally weak. The chains also effectively select whom they will serve by placing surgical and ancillary operations above medical and routine care; favoring "new services" such as "wellness clinics" and sports medicine over more comprehensive and long-term care; and shrinking unprofitable services such as oph-



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thalmology, therapeutic radiology, call-in emergency psychiatric services and home care for psychiatric patients. They prefer to treat insured patients with uncomplicated diagnoses, requiring frequently used but expensive diagnostic tests, services and drugs over those with costly chronic illnesses requiring long-term, labor-intensive care or rarely used, highly specialized equipment. For-profit hospitals often are built without the emergency rooms on which the poor rely for routine care, due to shortages of doctors and clinics in their neighborhoods.

By law, for-profit hospitals can turn away the medically indigent and uninsured—including the 12 million people living below the poverty line who do not have Medicaid; the 30 million with inadequate private health insurance; and the 37 million with no coverage at all. Such patients are "dumped" onto a declining number of small nonprofit hospitals willing to serve the poor, or onto overcrowded municipal hospitals. Despite contrary claims, an epidemic of such dumping has occurred in some places in recent years. Indeed, between 1983 and 1985 the number of transfers from private hospitals to Cook County hospitals in Chicago jumped tenfold due to economic cutbacks at private hospitals. Significant numbers of patients across the country have been transferred, in unstable condition, from private to public hospitals, resulting in some deaths. The problem has been compounded by the rise of Medicaid mills as well as by the development of profit-making subsidiaries, multihospital chains and stringent cost-saving practices by nonprofit hospitals, which are no longer obliged as recipients of government hospital construction funds to provide community services. Research suggests that both nonprofit and for-profit hospitals now spend only 3.5 to 4 percent a year of their gross revenues on the care of indigents.

It is increasingly clear that profit-making business practices do not necessarily generate responsive health care service. An official of a firm that operates mental health and drug abuse clinics stated, "My job is not a whole lot different from Lee Iacocca's. You need to have quality products, know how to sell them and know how to control costs." The chair of a major hospital chain stated that when the interests of society and those of business conflict, the latter must prevail. "You cut down on people, cut down on space, cut down wherever you can," he said. "If you still can't solve the problem you try to find out if there are abuses. You let some doctors go; if you feel you're doing too much indigent care you just put a cap on the level of indigent care you will accept."

Actually, public subsidy of nonprofit services began in colonial times, when officials contracted out the care of the poor and the sick to the lowest town bidder. By the late nineteenth century private asylums, hospitals and charitable societies received sizable government grants and dominated the social welfare establishment until the economic collapse of the 1930s. From the New Deal to the Great Society, the Federal government became more directly involved in the operation of social welfare programs. The welfare state expanded as the Depression, postwar prosperity and grassroots political pressures led the government to provide income maintenance and social services to workers and the poor, to subsidize hospital construction, to build low-income public housing and to develop health and mental health services under its own auspices.

In the relatively prosperous but turbulent decade from 1965 to 1975, privatization replaced direct government programming. In response to demands made by women, minorities, workers and the poor for a greater share of the economic pie, the Federal government continued to expand the welfare state, causing state spending on income maintenance and social services to soar from $77 billion in 1965 to $290 billion in 1975. But mounting opposition to its enlarged role led the government to transfer some of its more marketable programs to private nonprofit groups and to extend publicly supported services to segments of the middle class. Perceiving the wider availability of public subsidies and middle-class clients, some for-profit firms regarded social welfare programs as a new investment opportunity. Then, in the recession of the mid-1970s, social welfare spending slowed. While lower taxes, wage concessions and cuts in social programs contracted the welfare state, privatization intensified. Government incentives, particularly in the 1980s, encouraged for-profit firms, even more than they did nonprofit social agencies, to play a larger role in the scaled-down welfare state.

Both Republicans and Democrats are likely to continue their support of austerity and privatization in the social welfare system. Even Senator Edward Kennedy, a longtime advocate of a national health insurance system and critic of earlier business health care proposals, recently called for businesses rather than government to pay the health care bill for their employees. The evidence, however, does not support the view that the private sector delivers the best health care at the lowest cost. It shows that profit-making doctors, hospitals and insurance companies keep their eye on the bottom line at the expense of sound and equitable patient care. The failure of many employers to insure their workers, the loss of health care coverage by the unemployed, the emergence of health insurance as a key issue in the welfare reform debate and employers' dissatisfaction with the rising cost of health care benefits has recently led the state of Massachusetts to consider legislation that requires all employers to provide health insurance coverage to workers, with the state insuring those without jobs. This approach, which ameliorates the plight of the uninsured, inevitably creates a two-class health care system, with private insurance and services for society's healthier and wealthier groups and unpopular, less-well-funded government programs for the unemployed and the poor. But the development in Massachusetts also suggests that the injustices of the current health care system themselves have created pressures for change. Rather than leave the solution to private enterprise, progressive forces might draw on this momentum to expose the limits of privatization, re-examine the national health care systems in Canada and Western Europe and mobilize Americans once again to insist that quality health care is not a privilege but a right. □

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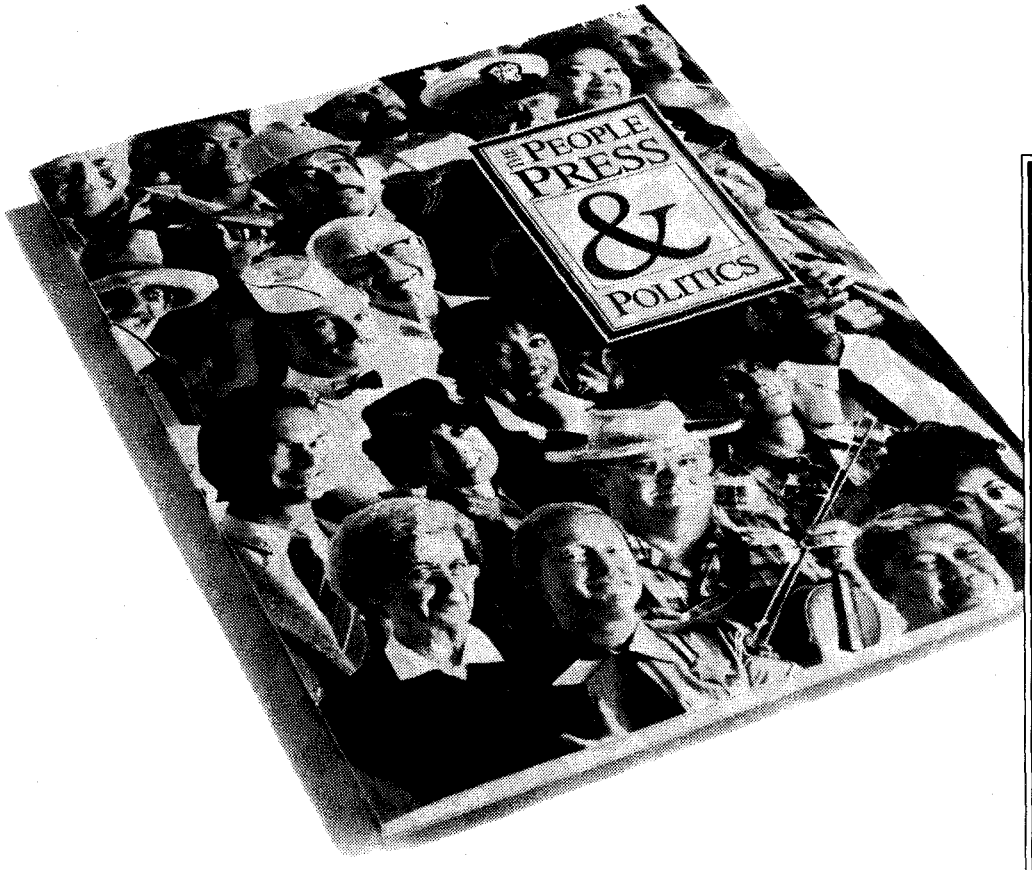
The People, the Press & Politics

FROM TIMES MIRROR, A NEW DEFINITION OF THE AMERICAN POLITICAL LANDSCAPE.



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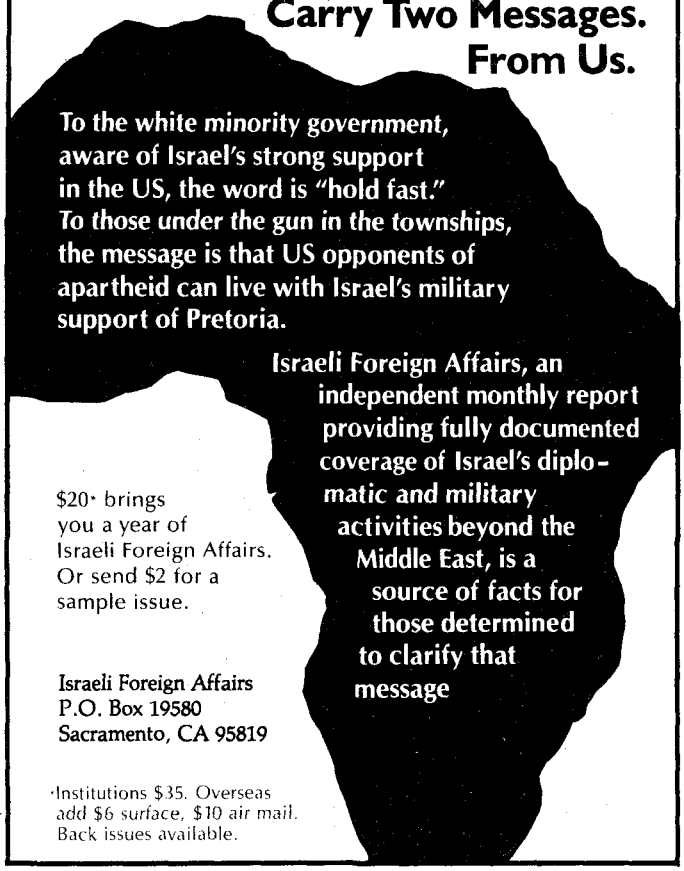

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Fawn and Arturo

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

ing—and is so laughably calculating about it as to be almost ingenuous. Her recent interview with Barbara Walters on ABC's *20/20* was a monument of stupefaction with Fawn's lawyer cum promoter prompting her off-camera. She is social climbing with a P.R. man at her side, which is what the old-fashioned Girl Next Door had to do to get ahead, too.

Oliver North was the first to cast Fawn in the role of glamorous innocent. In 1983, when Fawn was working for the Navy, Ollie obtained her services at the National Security Council. Ollie regarded her as a living testament to his rectitude. In a slightly nauseating moment during the televised Iran/*contra* hearings, North digressed: "I've got a beautiful secretary, and the good Lord gave her the gift of beauty, and the people snicker that Ollie North might have been doing a little hanky-panky with his secretary; Ollie North has been loyal to his wife since the day he married her."

It's pathetic when a grown man denies the office gossip by spreading it—especially when he's whispering in the ears of 15 million TV viewers. One thought that creeps unbidden into mind is, Adulterers often boast of their fidelity. Another is, Who cares?

If North's ethics are in question, it is more because he served at President Reagan's behest as commander in chief of the *contras*. This army, according to North's own aides, is an American creation, rife with corruption and incompetence. The vast majority of the American people have consistently opposed aiding North's *contra* army, and Congress specifically forbade it. North's minions, according to *The New York Times*, scored their "greatest military victory" in August in a raid on the village of San José de Bocay. The *contras* killed nine Sandinista soldiers, three children and a pregnant woman.

Who cares if Ollie and Fawn have "plausible deniability" on the whoopee question?

Indeed. The point is that *contra* policy—like Fawn's persona—is built on the myth of innocent virtue tested. Fawn is tempting to her dashing boss, she is thrust into the intrigues of covert war, she is hauled in front of the pols on the Iran/*contra* committees, and she still comes out just folks. The *contra* fairy tale has the same plot. American virtue is tested by the alleged specter of Sandinista perfidy. The American people must rise to the occasion and demonstrate their selflessness by aiding the *contras*.

Such willful naïveté has its perils, as Fawn should know. She once took a modeling job for a Washington firm called Liaison Inc. She appears on the cover of the company's brochure, arm in arm with a man in a tuxedo. Turn a couple of pages and you will see an unclad young woman (not Fawn) bobbing in a Jacuzzi with a silver-haired gent. Liaison, it turns out, presented itself as a call girl service designed for the lecherous lobbyist, the kinky general, the weary senator. Fawn was Liaison's cover girl.

Fawn pleads innocence; she was misled by a wily photographer (the fate of many a Girl Next Door). No one should

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doubt that prostitution is a subtle commerce that takes many forms, especially in the nation's capital. Most people, including Fawn Hall, could guess the politics of an escort service needing pictures of a pretty young woman. But in Washington, it is best not to probe too deeply. A *New York Times* reporter did a story about Liaison after the brochure came out and couldn't bring himself to say any more than that Liaison offered "platonic companionship for sale."

Again, the parallel to *contra* policy is revealing. Few people in Washington, least of all reporters from *The New York Times*, wanted to believe what was obviously going on in the White House in the mid-1980s. Respectable people would have scoffed at the allegation that *contra* supporters could pay $100,000 for a personal photo session with the President, the proceeds going to the *contras*. Few members of Congress or lobbyists or editors (and I'm among the culpable) wanted to believe the extent of the corruption. The myth of innocence prevailed citywide. When Fawn inadvertently put a pretty face on the sales pitch of a house of ill-repute, she had plenty of journalistic and Congressional company.

Arturo Cruz Jr., a 33-year-old graduate student who has lived more than half his life in the United States and Britain, provides the other theme in this psychosocial melodrama.

The myth of American innocence has a Washington and Reagan-era variation: the myth of America's good intentions in the world. To believe this myth, it helps to have Third World interlocutors who will attest to your beneficence. Arturo, fluent in English and charming in any language, plays this role to the hilt. His Washington career, less publicized and more interesting than Fawn's, suggests one key reason that the Reagan Administration won the war over *contra* policy in Washington.

Arturo is a product of what he calls, in his characteristically Marxian vocabulary, "the transnational bourgeoisie." His father, Arturo Cruz Sr., worked for the Inter-American Development Bank and later the Central Bank of Nicaragua. He raised his family in Nicaragua and in the suburbs of Washington (not all that far from Fawn Hall's family). He saw to it that his son was educated at the Institute for Development Studies in Sussex, England, and the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies in Washington.

Father and son supported the Sandinista revolution enthusiastically from Washington. In 1980 and 1981 the son served as a top aide to the Sandinistas' first Ambassador to Washington; in 1981 the father became the Ambassador himself. In 1982 both became disillusioned with the Sandinista response to the Reagan Administration's covert war and allied themselves with the *contra* movement. Indeed, with various intellectual and political allies, they attempted to "reform" the *contras*—a product obviously requiring vast confidence in the Administration's good intentions.

They failed, miserably and repeatedly. The dependable Washington rule of upward failure lifted the Cruzes ever higher. Father became the favorite of the pundit class: *Washington Post* editorial writers, *Foreign Affairs* magazine and those journalistic suckerfish, "thoughtful observers." Son became the favorite of a lower (and thus more important) stratum of the intellectual bureaucracy. There is hardly a Washington editor or reporter, young State Department hand, Congressional aide or obscure think-tank analyst concerned with Central America who has not succumbed to his charm.

Arturo Jr.'s influence on the Central America debate in Washington can be seen far and wide. In 1979, when he was a Sandinista partisan, he helped persuade a writer for the socialist *Monthly Review* that the mainstream Sandinistas were a bunch of closet social democrats who would sell out at the first blandishments from Washington. In 1983 Arturo contributed a chapter to a generally liberal book on Central America published by the Carnegie Endowment. In 1984 Arturo began advising right-wing editors at *The New Republic* on *contra* policy. Around this time he was hired to write "propaganda" (his term) for the State Department. In 1985 he was collaborating and trading ideas with Robert Leiken, the former Maoist turned devout *contra*, who was writing for *The New York Review of Books*. And in 1986 he contributed a lengthy piece of *contra* agitprop to the bleak pages of *Commentary*. It is safe to say that no other graduate student with a half-written dissertation in an Apple computer has ever wielded such wide influence in an American intellectual debate.

Arturo's political allies changed as fast as his views. As a Sandinista, he enthralled leftist audiences at the Institute for Policy Studies. He went to Managua for a few months in early 1982 to serve as an adviser to the head of the Sandinistas' Directorate of International Relations. After that, he consorted with the maverick and retired *contra* Edén

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Pastora, advised a Miskito Indian leader, counseled his indecisive father (now also retired) and assisted the mendacious Elliott Abrams. Lately he has traveled about with a *contra* leader named Aristides Sanchez, who happens to be a Somocista. It remains unclear what Arturo actually did for all these people—other than arrange an occasional meeting, schmooze and serve as a conduit to Washington.

Some would call Arturo a romantic bourgeois sellout, others a courageous intellectual. I think he's a little of each. Like other intellectuals, he prefers the good life in the imperial metropolis to doing political drudge work in the provinces. But mostly he's a victim of his own charisma. He is cursed with the ability to provide Americans with a coherent account of their own visions about Central America.

The wonder isn't that Arturo could have believed so many contradictory things. If no one had listened to him, he would be just another promising graduate student sorting out his thoughts. The wonder is that so many North Americans took Arturo's views of the moment as confirmation of their own insights into Central America.

What did Arturo say that gave him credibility with so many different factions? The common denominator in Arturo's thinking, at least since 1980, has been the unspoken assumption that almost all of the antagonists in Washington, liberal and conservative, agree on: Whatever U.S. policy is pursued, the good intentions of the United States will make the difference in Central America—and for the better.

Debate in Washington came to focus on who had the more sincere good intentions. This accounts for why the Central America debate took on such a theological quality in the mid-1980s. But to have the issue framed in terms of good intentions and sincerity was not only enormously beneficial to Arturo; it was also enormously beneficial to the Reagan Administration. Opponents of the Administration, often deeply imbued with good intentions of their own, were forced to debate the government's sincerity, not its actions.

But good intentions exist only in the mind of the beholder. There is no contradiction—indeed there is frequently a correlation—between good intentions and criminal activity. At a minimum, it is safe to say that good intentions have unexpected consequences (a point that many U.S. conservatives seem to have forgotten). Not the least of the problems with such ideals is that they can wind up justifying practically anything.

Arturo has been able to recommend, sincerely, every possible policy in the Central America debate because of his own faith in the United States' good intentions. President Reagan and his collaborators believe, sincerely, that they are doing good for all the people of Nicaragua because they have enormous faith in their own good intentions. The Polish and Soviet Communists who crushed Solidarity were equally sincere. Sincerity, the most dangerous political virtue, is perhaps the only way to justify such grotesque policies.

Arturo's ascent in the Washington intellectual bureaucracy did not go unnoticed in the national security bureaucracy. His intuitive understanding of the fundamental definition of the Central America debate was a potential asset for war planners. The bureaucrats, commissioned by the White House to wage the *contra* war "off the books," needed legitimacy in Washington. Oliver North, fully aware of Arturo's Sandinista background, decided in late 1984 that he wanted to speak to Arturo.

Picture the scene: Arturo strolls into the offices of the National Security Council, clad smartly in a new suit (as a friend of his recalls the day). Fawn is sitting there in sultry

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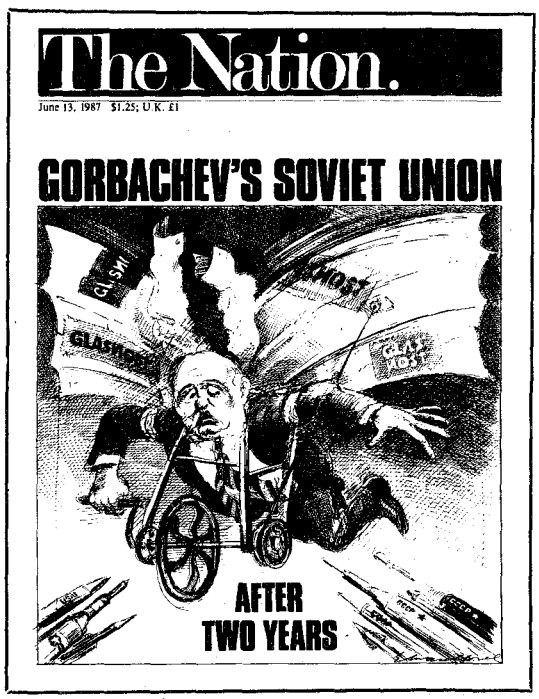

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command of Oliver North's den. The myth of good intentions meets the myth of American innocence in the heart of the N.S.C. One might extrapolate a theory about how these myths are mutually supportive: Innocent virtue insures good intentions, which in turn are proof of innocent virtue. But that would be to push our fable too far. Let us just note that Fawn and Arturo quickly fell in love.

Fawn and Arturo's romance lasted, appropriately enough, as long as the heyday of Oliver North: until November 1986. In 1985 and 1986 Arturo met some twenty-five times with North, discussing all kinds of issues. Arturo seems to have had no policy-making role, save to arrange a meeting between a North aide and several *contras* whose closest associates were known by many (but not, apparently, by Arturo) to be moonlighting in the drug trade. North became disenchanted with Arturo's irascible ways and suggested publicly that Arturo might be a Cuban double agent. Fawn dutifully dumped Arturo.

Fawn has plunged herself into the role of mythical innocent American protected by Reagan foreign policy. Her new boyfriend is a marine. She makes the round of right-wing shindigs, presenting her pretty face, her tolerance of official lawbreaking and her own putative innocence as an expression of the American dream. As she told the Iran/*contra* committees, "The efforts made to support the *contras* and obtain the release of the American citizens being held hostage . . . were carried out with only the best of intentions." Too true, Fawn.

Fawn's commercial miscalculation is to believe that the American people are still impressed by the best of intentions. The public, sensibly cynical, is about as likely to buy Fawn's mythical self as they are to buy *contra* policy. The most recent polls show 61 percent of the public opposed to the policy. Fawn's book and movie, if they are ever produced, are not likely to fare much better.

Arturo now finds himself relegated to the role of intimidated Central American. He is not unaware of the viciousness of North's double-agent story. The fact that the State Department publicly cleared him of the allegation was a nicety that could only impress a Washingtonian. In Central America the charge, whether true or not, is a genteel death threat—as Oliver North well knows. Thousands of Central Americans have been assassinated by U.S.-trained and -funded military death squads on far less serious charges from far less knowledgeable sources.

Thus Arturo lays low in his Georgetown apartment. He must think twice about traveling and about consorting with his various Sandinista and Somocista friends. At the very moment when peace negotiations have transformed the politics of the region and isolated Washington, his own freedom of action is curbed. His faith in the Administration's sincerity has had an ironic reward: Arturo faces, like millions of fellow Central Americans, the remote but real prospect of dying because he offended the national security bureaucracy.

Fawn's pathetically anachronistic innocence is estranged from Arturo's perilously good intentions as the Reagan Administration's Central America policy unravels. So ends the Washington fairy tale. □

EDITORIALS.

Che

(*Continued From Page 401*)

rangers who tracked Guevara down, the Central Intelligence Agency sent in a pair of agents, who were on hand in a shack in the village of Vallegrande to identify the body. One of them helped himself to Guevara's wristwatch as a *souvenir de guerre*. He still wears it. The agent was Felix Rodriguez, a Bay of Pigs veteran whose central role in the *contra* supply operation was one of the many avenues fastidiously left unexplored by the Iran/*contra* investigating committees.

Heroes change. In 1968 Sontag wrote that she hoped the image of Che would prove "useful to young people in strengthening their disaffiliation from the life-style of American imperialism." In 1987 committee Democrats like Representative Peter Rodino of New Jersey applauded Rodriguez for his "distinguished record in fighting communism." Both statements were in line with the accepted rhetoric of their age. But American political culture is allergic to the past, especially to its excesses of language. Most of the crowd that has passed for an intellectual class in Washington in the 1980s is made up of people desperately embarrassed by the things they said in the 1960s: an odd assembly of one-time Maoists, renegade Trotskyists, social democrats turned Scoop Jackson Democrats, inventors and reinventors of American liberalism, sniffers after heresy and Third Worldism.

On the weekend of October 16-18, some of their leading lights—David Horowitz, Robert Leiken, Joshua Muravchik, among others—will gather in Washington for the Second Thoughts Conference. The most damning charge they are likely to level at their enemies is that of naïveté, aimed at anyone who fails to grasp that the key to all modern history is betrayal, by a parade of Cubans, Vietnamese and Sandinistas all bent on exploiting the good-hearted simplicity of U.S. liberals.

In the end, who is the more naïve? The mourners of Che Guevara, like Graham Greene, who wrote twenty years ago that "he represented the idea of gallantry, chivalry and adventure in a world more and more given up to business arrangements between the great world powers; he expressed for us the hope that victory did not always go to the big battalions"? Or the present generation of intellectual operatives, who would prefer portraits of Jonas Savimbi on the dorm walls and think the answer for Latin America is to dress a couple of the *contra* leaders in suits and ties and present them as the latest face of the great, embittered crusade to spread American values worldwide? GEORGE BLACK

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

The Pleasure of Enchantment

ROSELLEN BROWN

BELOVED. *By Toni Morrison. Alfred A. Knopf. 276 pp. $18.95.*

A modest proposal: I would like to suggest a way to review books without spoiling them for their readers, and without indulging in a one-sided conversation about works only critics have had the opportunity to read. Can we not assume that most people interested in new fiction will want to read Toni Morrison's latest book, drawn to it not by rave reviews but by an understanding that she is a gifted novelist who always has something important to say? Let us, then, write a few simple, descriptive paragraphs and include ample quotation to represent style and substance. Six months after the book is published, let us discuss it at length. Then, secrets will not be unfairly revealed, and the reader will be brought into a dialogue about a shared experience, not lectured or caviled at prematurely, unable—let's be honest about it—to evaluate the fairness of the evaluation.

I suggest this as prelude to my own words about Toni Morrison's *Beloved* because, more than many novels, it is intricately constructed to make its revelations exactly when it wishes to and not a moment earlier. To discuss the entire book seems to me to deny the reader the pleasure of the author's careful design. *The New York Times* recently reported that certain London cabdrivers, dissatisfied with the tips of theatergoers arriving at the eternally popular Agatha Christie play *The Mousetrap*, have taken to shouting out the name of the murderer in reprisal. Writing a review of a book like *Beloved* before it's been read feels to me like that kind of casual vengeance.

Beloved is an extraordinary novel. It has certain flaws that attach to its design and occasionally to its long reach for eloquence, and an ending that lacks the power of the tragedy it is meant to resolve. But its originality, the pleasure it takes in a language at the same time loose and tight, colloquial and elevated, is stunning. The rhythm of black speech in Morrison's control is complex and versatile, and with it she makes third person narrative sound as intimate as a back porch conversation, and confidences in the first person sound like a dream.

The novel is set in Cincinnati eight years after the end of the Civil War, but its characters have been so formed and deformed by slavery that time alone can never undo its effects. Sethe, who escaped from captivity eighteen years before, has delivered two sons and two daughters to freedom. Now, after one baby's violent death and her two sons' flight from a house haunted by the baby's angry ghost, she lives in isolation with her feisty mother-in-law and her surviving daughter, Denver. The mother-in-law dies; Paul D, one of the men who endured slavery with Sethe on the old farm, Sweet Home, arrives on the doorstep full of impassioned memories. The three of them try to establish a family. But in addition to the ordinary jealousy expressed by the adolescent Denver, a great ruckus is caused by Sethe's baby's ghost, partly in fun and partly in grim earnest. Paul D manages to exorcise her only by main force.

This ghost is presented more matter-of-factly even than the flying off of Solomon and his African children in the final pages of *Song of Solomon*, or the plague of robins that accompanies Sula's return to the Bottom in the novel that bears her name. Haints and spirits routinely walk the roads of the black South; to explain would be to acknowledge that outsiders are listening. This is not exactly "magic realism," as some have called it, citing Gabriel García Márquez and I.B. Singer; that label makes an invented genre out of what is merely an extension of ubiquitous beliefs—if you talk to the right people. Morrison has comfortably walked right into the center of what we call from a distance "folk culture," and used it without so much as a raised eyebrow. (A certain number of exchanges in the early part of the book, however, have a quality of unintended absurdity, as when Paul D defends the angry Denver against her mother's impatience with all the deadpan aplomb of Dr. Joyce Brothers: "Leave off, Sethe. It's hard for a young girl living in a haunted house. That can't be easy.")

But fortunately it's not too many pages before Morrison settles fully into her subject. Just when Paul D seems to have cleared the air in Sethe's house and the three of them have joined hands to begin anew, a mysterious young woman emerges from the water of a stream, dressed, as it were, in "new skin." Certain about some details of her history and of the world, yet strangely innocent of others, she enters their lives as an ordinary, if rather peculiar, visitor. She will not leave until an amazing upheaval and assertion of force and decisiveness on everybody's part drives her back. By this time we have grown to know her better than we'd have imagined possible.

The young woman is named Beloved and her astonishing presence is unlike that of any character in American fiction. Beloved is a ghost and yet she has a body; she has fears, which we see from within. But she also has needs too voracious to be borne: she is there to settle a score, and to do that she will suck the love and concern out of the others as if it were air, no matter how she may suffocate them in the act. In a scene of extraordinary, eerie poignancy, Beloved loses a tooth and suddenly thinks she could just as easily drop an arm, a hand, a toe, could find herself in pieces. This is a ghost who dreams: she is in terror of exploding or being swallowed. We feel about this vulnerable girl, at least at first, as we might about a benign extraterrestrial: in this scene, she sits "holding a small white tooth in the palm of her smooth smooth hand."

Meanwhile, in the course of re-establishing their friendship memory by memory, peeling time away like layers of live flesh, Sethe and Paul D re-experience their years in slavery—when "men and women were moved around like checkers," when anyone could have been "run off or been hanged, got rented out, loaned out, bought up, brought back, stored up, mortgaged, won, stolen or seized," when one's children might be traded for lumber, when men needed "permission for desire," and a man was "something . . . less than a chicken sitting in the sun on a tub." "My first-born," Sethe's mother-in-law tells her, "All I can remember of her is how she loved the burned bottom of bread."

Others have written about slavery, from within and from without; what Morrison manages is a continual heaving up of images and specific memories

Rosellen Brown is a poet and novelist. Her most recent book is Civil Wars *(Penguin).*

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like stones, only to have them disappear and resurface again and yet again, each time more deeply embedded in the jagged landscape of relationships. She uses these memories like the recurrent tolling of the end-words in the lines of a sestina, moving them, advancing them in their positions until the entire novel is like that most inventive and obsessive of poetic forms, a tight verbal net from which no feeling can escape unscrutinized. There are recurring, clarifying allusions to stories whose bits and pieces have gone before; there are cryptic images that solidify into circumstances whose very familiarity begins to attest to their truth. Morrison rarely mentions anything once: we seem to travel back and forth across an increasingly familiar psychological field until the whole deadly scene coheres.

Paul D senses from the way Sethe speaks of Denver that she loves her child too well. Years after the end of slavery, its numbing reverberations continue:

> For a used-to-be slave woman to love anything that much was dangerous, especially if it was her children she had settled on to love. The best thing, he knew, was to love just a little bit . . . so when they broke its back, or shoved it in a croaker sack, well, maybe you'd have a little love left over for the next one.

In Sethe's case, her love of her children has driven her much farther than even Paul D can see. She has gone to unimaginable lengths to protect them from a return to slavery, to that life she cannot imagine enduring again. But he has been there too, and in the end no discovery is too shocking for him—both of them have been mortally humiliated in countless ways that we hear about repeatedly, from different angles. Only Beloved, caught in the middle between lives, can forgive nothing. "People who die bad," someone tells Paul D, "don't stay in the ground."

Newly confronting their old wounds, Morrison's characters ask some profound questions: Was their relatively kind treatment by Mr. Garner, their original owner, significantly or only incidentally different from that of "schoolteacher," the cruel and "scientific" relative who succeeded him? "For years Paul D believed schoolteacher broke into children what Garner had raised into men," writes Morrison (a sentence that puts in a sad new context César Vallejo's poem "The anger that breaks man into children"). "He wondered how much difference there really was. . . . Garner called and announced them men—but only on Sweet Home, and by his leave. Was he naming what he saw or creating what he did not? . . . Suppose Garner woke up one morning and changed his mind? Took the world away."

There is a memorable moment in Morrison's first novel, *The Bluest Eye*, in which she patiently anatomizes the hatred a poor man feels for a couch, still new but not yet paid for, which represents for him the sickening taste of his powerlessness. It is impossible to read this scene and fail to understand why so many fine schemes for social renewal and economic optimism are overthrown at the start. Some of Morrison's instances of slavery's annihilation of self and family have the same devastating power. Caught in the wheels of such a system, in which the terms are always someone else's, can parents protect their children from a world of pain? And if they can't? Do children have the right to punish their parents for their actions? "What's fair ain't necessarily right," says one of the community of women always portrayed by Morrison as a wise (though not necessarily kind) chorus.

Beginning with *The Bluest Eye*, Morrison's work has moved along two tracks, sometimes intersecting, sometimes parallel: the imagistic and the didactic. She dares to instruct and analyze, and her angry pronouncements rarely feel intrusive because they come live and full of wit from the mouths of her marvelously animated and self-possessed characters, or punctuate the irresistibly dramatic visual images that provide the organizing principle of the novels. *The Bluest Eye* begins with marigolds that will not bloom the year Pecola has her father's baby; in *Sula*, there is fire and water. Each of the books is a skein of leitmotifs and unforgettably arresting moments in which the complex of character and plot is caught. And in between, unapologetic, are speculations and assertions that hold the whole structure steady.

Beloved may be the most "visualizable" of all Morrison's novels. There are consoling images—Sethe at prayer embraced by a white dress that kneels down beside her, its arm tenderly around her waist—and horrific ones—Paul D driven around Sweet Home like an animal, with a bit in his mouth. Many of these moments are nothing less than overwhelming. But in the end, while this is *Beloved*'s satisfying strength, it is also its weakness. There is a slightly uneven,

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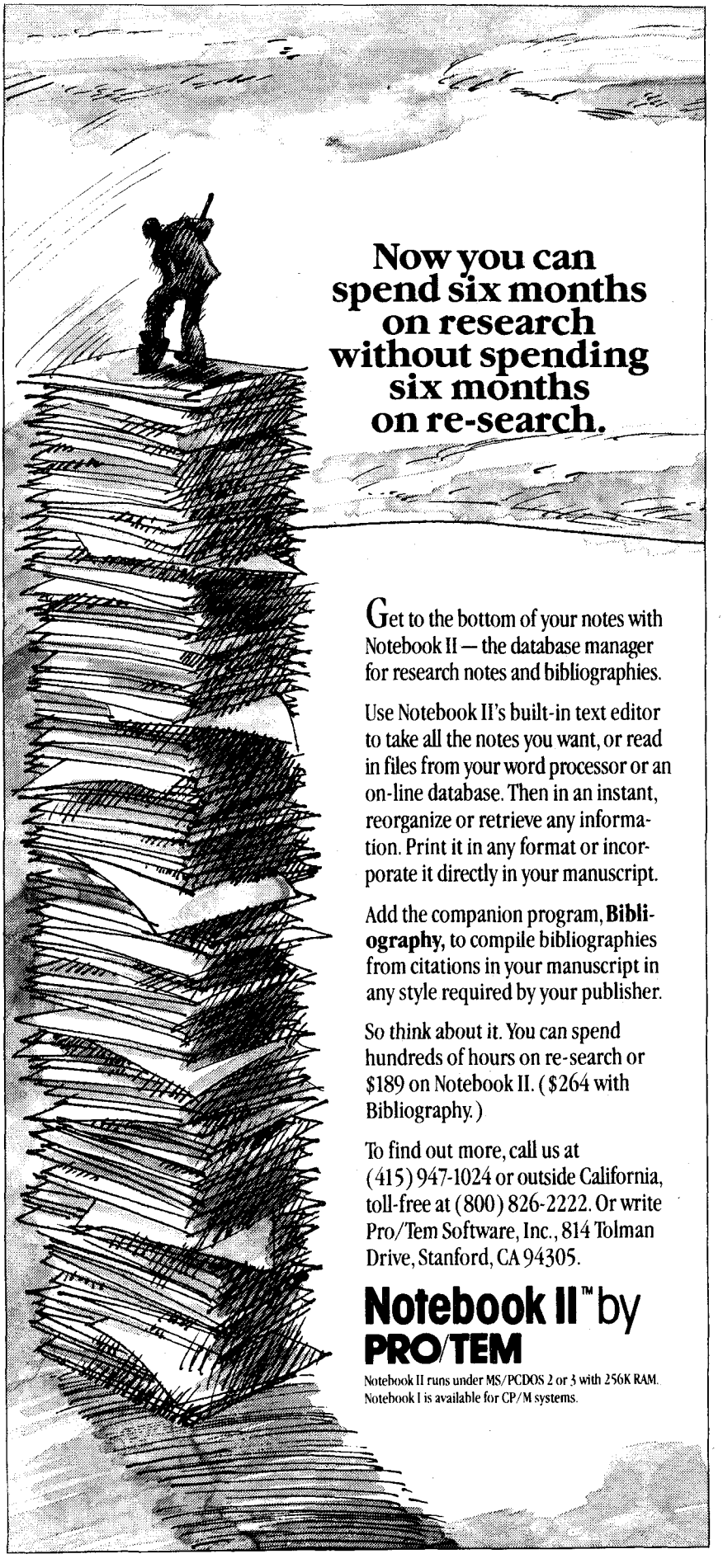
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stepping-stone quality to *Beloved* that seems, at times, to take us from one ugly or poignant or reconciling scene to another, like an opera with a succession of great arias. In some profound way I believe in the beauty and horror of the individual instances more than I do in the story, in which a mother who has felt herself guilty of an atrocity for nearly two decades finally makes peace with herself and begins a "new" life with a man who has never stopped being good, no matter what has happened to undo him. The will to console, to make a positive myth out of unspeakable circumstances, seems to have moved Morrison to wrench her characters nearly free of their ghosts when we might imagine them fighting to a more complex or ambivalent conclusion. "It was not a story to pass on. . . . So [the community] forgot her. Like an unpleasant dream during a troubling sleep."

Of course they put Beloved aside because "remembering seemed unwise," and there is irony here. But while the novel's brilliance lies in its capacity to summon up guilt and anger no one could assuage in nine lifetimes, the burden of its resolution is simply "Accept yourself." This is not to dismiss the possibilities of healing, only to say that its details are skimped a bit. Nor is it to say that people foully wronged cannot find a way to go on loving their lives—obviously they do. But the psychological groundwork is not given amply enough here to convince us that once the ghost of a great wrong is felled, ordinary life, not madness, can resume.

Morrison has always had an exhaustive and generous understanding of the complexity of community, and the voices of the town are unfailingly heard and accounted for; many of her novels have begun and ended with them. They make a noisy chorus. Her folks drag one another down, hold one another up, betray and soothe and protect with a wholly realistic unpredictability and lack of hypocrisy. And, proof of the necessity of those others, the actions of her characters always have ramifications in the community: everyone is affected. (Remember the flowers that refuse to bloom, the robins that plague the town.)

In *Beloved*, Morrison is at pains to show us how much strength her people have summoned to get them through, to keep on keeping on in spite of every effort to lay them low. But the energy and audacity of her book is in its pain and in the ambivalence of its characters toward

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their memories, their forgetting. As in many folk and fairy tales, the witch-spirit is the one that prevails in memory and nightmare. No one who has not been haunted, Sethe thinks, knows "the downright pleasure of enchantment, of not suspecting but *knowing* the things behind things." In addition to its other surprises, *Beloved* brings us into the mind of the haunter as well as the haunted. That is an invitation no other American writer has offered, let alone fulfilled with such bravery and grace.

Now go read the book and let's be ready, say in six months, to talk about it. □

Refractions

GEORGE PACKER

IN THE SKIN OF A LION. *By Michael Ondaatje. Alfred A. Knopf. 244 pp. $16.95.*

At age 11 Michael Ondaatje left his native Sri Lanka for good. If he had ended up in New York or London instead of Toronto, he might be as well known today in the United States as Derek Walcott or Salman Rushdie, for he has produced two decades' worth of intelligent, daring fiction and poetry. In addition to a Canadian adulthood, he owes his relative obscurity to his refusal or inability to write books that would have given him at least the "familiar exotic" status of emigrant writer. Except for one fictional memoir of his family in Sri Lanka, Ondaatje's novels aim at a lyric rendering of some of the darker passages of North American history. And he hasn't helped his case by the difficulty of much of his work.

The Collected Works of Billy the Kid tracked the consciousness of the young outlaw through acts of brutal violence and equally astonishing tenderness; *Coming Through Slaughter* descended into New Orleans and the madness of the early jazz cornetist Buddy Bolden. Both books use interpolated verse, journalism, photographs and deliberate disjunctions of plot. Their language consists of explosions saved by precision; they come off as a series of sensual images, which in their totality create a state of mind and evoke the moral tone of an era. They care less than most fictional histories about getting across the facts of a life. And indeed Ondaatje's new novel passes over from fictional history into historical fiction, accent on the latter, for the characters—as far as one can tell—are made up, and the historical background figures not much more prominently than in ordinary novels. But *In the Skin of a Lion* is not at all ordinary.

The book begins with a prologue: a man telling a girl a story on a long night drive. The story—this novel—is his, though that only becomes clear toward the end, so the reader is like a back-seat passenger who got on a few miles late and has to strain to follow. For a while the going is rough, as the story jumps between plots in resolutely nonlinear fashion: a boy in the Canadian woods works alongside his father, who dynamites logjams; a nun is windblown off a Toronto bridge and snatched to safety by a Macedonian workman; the boy—now a man, Patrick Lewis—comes to Toronto in the 1920s. Like the Macedonian, Patrick "was an immigrant to the city," and in his ignorance and passion fantastic things happen to him. He finds work as a "searcher" for a disappeared millionaire, and falls in love with the millionaire's mistress, Clara; she seduces him, before returning to the other man. The story leaps to 1930: Patrick, still obsessed, having "reduced himself almost to nothing," is now a tunneler digging under Lake Ontario for a new waterworks, the brainchild of a powerful commissioner. Reluctantly Patrick becomes involved with workers and immigrants, and then with Clara's friend Alice, an actress and political firebrand. He is "a chameleon among the minds of women," and when Alice is accidentally killed by an anarchist's bomb, Patrick in his mad grief puts his boyhood training to use by burning down a lakefront hotel and blowing up the dock.

The third part of the novel brings earlier stories together and wanders into new ones. In prison Patrick meets Caravaggio, a house painter and thief who appeared briefly in the Toronto bridge interlude; later he tracks down the Macedonian from the bridge, who has been taking care of Alice's orphaned daughter Hana. Caravaggio and Patrick, newly politicized by work and prison, concoct a scheme to dynamite the waterworks and cut off Toronto's water supply in the midst of labor strife. The attempt ends with an inconclusive, oddly benign encounter between Patrick and the water commissioner in his wired office. Finally Patrick and Hana set off on the drive that begins the book: they are going in search of Clara, and the man is telling the girl this very convoluted story.

More convoluted, in fact, than any summary, for Ondaatje always jump-cuts, moves ahead, circles back, criss-crosses. A plot as twisted and fabulous as this is not in itself a bad idea. Where Ondaatje goes wrong is in not inventing madly enough. Patrick is the nexus of all the stories, "a prism that refracted their lives." Though forever setting off after a woman or trying to blow something up, he is basically a passive figure, alive for sensation rather than connection and action. The Macedonian, the thief, Clara and Alice all do things in the world, whereas "he feels removed from any context of the world, wanting to sleep at this moment, wanting to swim back into the current he has just escaped." Too much of the book is wrapped in the skin of a kitten, Patrick's thin skin, and is controlled by Patrick's sensibility. Billy the Kid with his rifle and Buddy Bolden with his horn (and both, to a lesser extent, with their penises) drive their stories by more and more intemperate action. But with Patrick, observation usually melts into feeling before it can harden into motive.

In a poem from his latest collection, *Secular Love*, Ondaatje gives a self-critique, perhaps unintended:

> —and sometimes
> I think
> women in novels are too
> controlled by the adverb.
> As they depart
> a perfume of description
>
> "She rose from the table
> and left her shoe
> behind, *casually*"
>
> "Let's keep our minds
> clear, she said drunkenly,"
> the print hardly dry
> on words like that.

This applies to some men in novels too. The same tendency can be found in *In the Skin of a Lion*, for instance in a description of tannery dyers under the shower:

> They stood under the hot pipes, not noticeably changing for two or three minutes—as if, like an actress unable

George Packer's The Village of Waiting *will be published next spring by Vintage.*

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> to return to the real world from a role, they would be forever contained in that livid colour, only their brains free of it. And then the blue suddenly dropped off, the colour disrobed itself from the body, fell in one piece to their ankles, and they stepped out, in the erotica of being made free.

A brilliant passage, nearly ruined by the unnecessary flourish of that last phrase. This "perfume of description" clings to Patrick till very near the end. As a result the already fragmented plot is broken up more, into separate moments of illumination, which "clarify not the information but his state" and don't convincingly propel what happens next. The problem, then, is not that the plot is convoluted but that Ondaatje yokes it to Patrick's aesthetic consciousness.

This is not a minor problem, and it has already led at least one reviewer to dismiss the novel. But I don't think *In the Skin of a Lion* ought to be dismissed. One reason is that the language is generally great enough to make every episode interesting; some of it just about scans:

> The woman's bare feet rested one on top of the other on the stained-wood floor. A lamp on the desk, a mattress on the floor. In this light, and with all the small panes of glass around her, she was inside a diamond, mothlike on the edge of burning kerosene, caught in the centre of all the facets.

The image of light helps bind the unruly plot, as do other leitmotifs: explosions, the colors of dyes and paints, human and animal skins, labor. Ondaatje describes manual work as well as any writer I have read, not the psychological effects but its physical sensations: he describes it from the inside, as if he knows it. Work brutalizes, but it is one's connection to the world, and when Patrick begins to work—as a tunneler, a tanner and later, a saboteur—he finally enters the lives he has brought together, sheds one skin for another. Far from merely ornamental, the book's motifs are the symbolic pieces of its central theme, which seems to me to be the making of an artist into a man.

"How can she who had torn his heart open at the waterworks with her art lie now like a human in his arms?" Patrick wonders about the actress Alice, in the middle of a long passage at the end of the second part. In these pages he emerges as a writer-figure. Beyond realizing that "his own life was no longer a single story but part of a mural," he enables others to see their own lives as well. The worker who snatched the nun out of the air tells Patrick that story; and now

> Nicholas is aware of himself standing there within the pleasure of recall. It is something new to him. This is what history means. He came to this country like a torch on fire and he swallowed air as he walked forward and he gave out light. Energy poured through him . . . Patrick's gift, that arrow into the past, shows [Nicholas] the wealth in himself, how he has been sewn into history. Now he will begin to tell stories.

And from this point, Nicholas's and the others' gift is to move Patrick the storyteller from consciousness to life. By the end he has become a commando of labor.

If the last-ditch politics seem rather facile, it may be because rhetoric and style are still at odds. The words say, "Nothing to lose but our chains," but the voice is the voice of Patrick, and the final transformation is not completely convincing. Yet the potent suggestion that the writer must be a human being and citizen remains, and just before the end Ondaatje's poetry finds the way to say it:

> "He lay down to sleep, until he was woken from out of a dream. He saw the lions around him glorying in life; then he took his axe in his hand, he drew his sword from his belt, and he fell upon them like an arrow from the string."

Michael Ondaatje is not the easiest writer around, but he is one of the more interesting. *In the Skin of a Lion* is worth reading and sticking with; it might even win Ondaatje the wider audience he has earned. □

WE'RE FIGHTING FOR YOUR LIFE
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The Small Time

STUART KLAWANS

The welcome news from San Francisco is that Lawrence Ferlinghetti and Nancy J. Peters have founded a new journal, *City Lights Review*. At this point the editors don't predict how often the *Review* will appear, but judging from the first issue, I hope it will be often. Some of the highlights: a couple of short, gnomic pieces of fiction by Lydia Davis, on the subjects of divorce, television and the impossibility of reading Michel Foucault on public transportation; a cheerfully malicious story by Janet Richards about seduction at the college level; a carefully observed little tale of an old couple in Chinatown, by Fae Myenne Ng; and part of a longer fiction by Nadja Tesich, on an amateur revolutionary on the lam in Franco's Spain. Among the more engaging poets: Adam Cornford, on what would happen if the fundamentalists got the apocalypse they want; Marilyn Hacker, on making love on the stairs; Tom Clark, on the mysteries of Caspar David Friedrich; and four Chinese lyricists from the time of Kublai Khan, in beautiful translations by C.H. Kwock and Gary Gach. Noam Chomsky contributed an essay (actually the transcript of a radio talk) about the global drift toward nuclear war, and Edward Abbey has written in praise of anarchy. Finally, there is a remarkable essay by Andrei Codrescu from his work *The Disappearance of the Outside*, which I won't even try to summarize with adjectives. Let's just say it's the sort of social-cultural-political analysis the mind longs for when it's been fed for months on Wonder Bread while roaring for raw meat ($9.95 plus tax and postage, from City Lights, 261 Columbus Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94133).

Codrescu is of course active as well in editing the indispensable *Exquisite Corpse* ($2.50 per issue, $15 per year, from the English Department, Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, LA 70803). The June–August issue brings the usual exquisite mix: a much-needed essay on the films of Dusan Makavejev, by Andrew Horton; a memoir of sneaking into a New York University toilet, by Anne U. Forer; and varied eccentricities by Kirby Olson, Rob Wittig, Al Simmons and Sarah White. There is also—you'll have to trust me on this—a truly moving poem about democratic armed resistance, by Joel Oppenheimer.

In Tempe, Arizona, S.P. Stressman and S. Kerr have started a new quarterly, *The Fiction Review* ($11.60 a year, c/o Box 1508, Tempe, AZ 85281). Of the first two issues, No. 1 has the better work by far, starting with a story

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by Anita Adams, "Take the Smith and Wesson and Shoot Me," which sets the tone perfectly. There's also an appropriately nightmarish tale by Rob Hall about an AWOL soldier in Thailand, and a deadpan allegory, "Search and Destroy," by Ron Carlson.

The Phoenix area has also produced a new quarterly magazine, *Burning Toddlers*, which is very much in the Church of the SubGenius mode of clip art and media rant ($10 for five issues, c/o Box 56942, Phoenix, AZ 85079). At this point, I think *Burning Toddlers* is entirely too much in that mode to be recommended—its outrage seemed standard-issue to me—but maybe its editor, Rev. Frank, TM will find his direction, should the magazine survive. Having spent some time in Phoenix, I agree that the city can use a few 'zines; I also think that Phoenix's boomtown atmosphere and mix of cultures could provide endless material for writers willing to look around. Best of luck, Rev. Frank™.

On the subject of 'zines, I have just received the latest issue of *Factsheet Five*, the most thorough review of the small, small press I've yet seen. Edited by Michael A. Gunderloy with good humor, good sense and a willingness to read his eyes out, *Factsheet Five* covers punk, sci-fi and SubGenius 'zines, poetry, politics, mail art, music and just about anything you could call alternative ($2 per issue for bulk mail, $2.75 for first class, payable up to four issues in advance, from 6 Arizona Avenue, Rensselaer, NY 12144). And on the subject of subscriptions, I note that Anna Banana, one of the veterans of mail art, is trying to put out a quarterly newsletter and has expressed the semiheretical intention of accepting money for it. (Write to Banana at 287 E. 26th Avenue, Vancouver, BC V5V 2H2, and for $12 you will get four issues, probably.)

Of the book-length publications that have come my way recently, the one that stands out is *Big Plans* by Paul de Barros ($9.95 from Talonbooks, 201/1019 E. Cordova, Vancouver, BC V6A 1M8). Part journal, part fiction, the book spans two periods in de Barros's life: a few months in 1969 when he traveled through South America and a subsequent period of settlement in the Canadian wild. The latter, fictionalized part seemed to me to be alternatively fragmentary and pedestrian. But the first part, de Barros's South American diary, is a delight. Having recently graduated from Berkeley in the full flower

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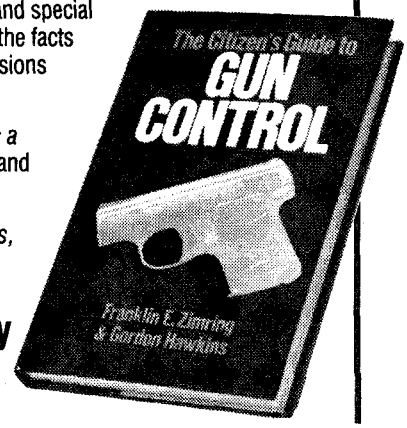

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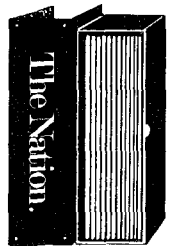

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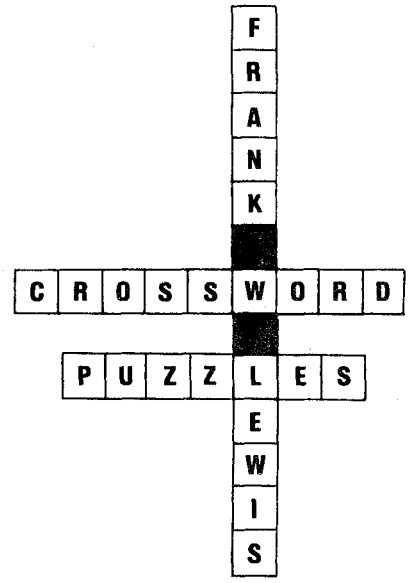

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BACKGROUND
The show is based on the 5 years a young Dane, Jacob Holdt, hitchhiked over 100,000 miles in the USA. He bought film for his camera by selling blood twice weekly. He lived in more than 400 homes - from the poorest southern sharecroppers, to some of America's wealthiest families (Pabst, Rockefeller). He joined the rebellion in Wounded Knee, followed criminals in the ghettos during muggings, sneaked inside to work in southern slave camps and infiltrated secret Ku Klux Klan meetings. While working with prisoners he saw two of his friends assassinated. By the time he returned to Denmark 12 of his American friends had been murdered.

THE BOOK
The book, which is based on the show, is an international bestseller. The Village Voice revealed that the U.S. State Department grew worried about its impact overseas and commissioned photographers to present the "other side" of America. Written in a personal tone it is now a popular classroom supplement in American schools. 800 photos, the bulk in color.

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of hippiedom, de Barros set off for Brazil, where a branch of his family—unexpectedly rich and influential—owned a plantation. He had a half-baked notion of setting up a commune there with his California friends, an idea that collapsed quickly on contact with reality. In the interim, though, he discovered people, places and ideas in junglelike profusion. To some extent the diary is a period piece; I was amazed to recall how readily people took in strangers in those days, and how wandering youths would take such hospitality for granted. At its best, though, *Big Plans* isn't tied to the 1960s. It deals with early love, early friendships that become more tenuous than one had assumed, early doubts about one's commitments in life, and most of all with the First World coming face-to-face with the Third. Those themes don't go out of date; and de Barros, when he was barely 23, found something to say about all of them.

Of the books and journals that I let pile up over the summer, I feel most guilty about the following:

New England Review and Bread Loaf Quarterly, Vol. IX, No. 4 ($12 per year, c/o Middlebury College, Middlebury, VT 05753), features a poem by Albert Goldbarth that somehow addresses the issues of torture, violence against women and mass murder in the context of the adventures of the Donald Duck family of Duckburg. The poem is called "Donald Duck in Danish"; it also has something to do with the Rosetta Stone. The summer issue of *Grand Street* has an equally ambitious piece: a loopy dramatic poem by Kenneth Koch, "The Mediterranean World," which is based on the work of Fernand Braudel in much the same way as de Mille's *Ten Commandments* is based on the Bible ($6 for back issues, $20 a year for subscriptions, c/o 50 Riverside Drive, New York, NY 10024).

Zyzzyva, Vol. III, No. 2 ($8 for single issues, $20 a year for subscriptions, c/o 41 Sutter Street, Suite 1400, San Francisco, CA 94104), has a long excerpt from the memoirs of the poet, mystic, baseball enthusiast and Catskills resort heir Richard Grossinger; a testimony by a Palestinian woman, Nuha Nafal, on war and exile; and some wonderfully rude, anonymous comments from a compilation by Bridget Daley and Janet Skeels, *The 100th Boyfriend*. A sample: "Joe was the kind of man you take home to your parents and leave there."

A publication of San Diego writers, *Crawl Out Your Window* ($5 per issue, c/o 4641 Park Boulevard, San Diego, CA 92116), had lots of worthwhile reading in No. 15, but the best was a piece by R.A. Robboy. He photocopied a letter he'd written to *Jewish Currents* complaining about the mishandling of his subscription, then annotated it extensively, so it looks like a Talmudic text embedded in commentary. The result is a one-page excursion that's as rich and involving as a good novel.

Fine Print, a beautiful review of the art of bookmaking ($12.50 for single issues, $48 a year, c/o Box 3394, San Francisco, CA 94119), has a portfolio of broadsides in the July issue. The most impressive is a full-color, uncut reproduction of the Sonia Delaunay-Blaise Cendrars collaboration *La prose du transsibérien*, from 1913.

Although Harvey Pekar has gone bigtime with his anthologies published by Doubleday, he still puts out his comic book, *American Splendor*, in desperately small editions and with a return address in Cleveland ($3, c/o Box 18471, Cleveland Heights, OH 44118). No. 12 is a bit media-obsessed—the cover shows Pekar during one of his appearances on *Late Night With David Letterman*. But his point of view remains resolutely lowdown, and the issue features yet another story about an old Jewish lady in a supermarket line.

Finally, a World Series salute to all the folks at *Baseball Diary*: to Spike Jensen for his sociopath's guide to the Mariners; Mary Leary for her reflections on rock and roll, freelancers' blues and the Yankees; Elinor Nauen and Rebecca Stowe for their Dead Dogs Awards; and Jagne Parkes for her color Xerography ($15 for the season, c/o 1619 Fremont Avenue, South Pasadena, CA 91030).

Annals of the Big Time: Although it will not reach bookstores for another month, *Favorite Son*, a novel by Steve Sohmer, can be already described as a best-seller, and an instructive one at that. Let us ignore the book's contents for a moment—a fair proposition, since the public has yet to glimpse a word—and concentrate on the important point: marketing.

Of course, having used the word "market" by default, I've already falsified the issue. Despite their standard excuse (We're only giving the public what it wants), big publishers do not really load their wares into charming, ox-drawn

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carts and carry them to town on Saturday, there to hawk what they can to the festive throng. The process might rather be likened to the way Army recruits select their wardrobe: They take what they're given. As the big publishers prepare to issue *Favorite Son* to a conscripted public, we might well look at the details.

Bantam Books will publish the hardcover edition. Bantam is a subsidiary of Bertelsmann Publishing Group, a holding company that is in turn a subsidiary of Bertelsmann AG. The latter, a West German conglomerate, currently ranks 147th in sales among Europe's largest industrial corporations. Among Bertelsmann's other U.S. holdings is Doubleday and Company, which owns the Literary Guild book club. The Literary Guild has decided to offer *Favorite Son* as a selection to its members. Overseas rights to *Favorite Son* have been sold to the English clone of Bantam, Droemer, and to Droemer of West Germany. Droemer is an affiliate of Bertelsmann.

The author of *Favorite Son* is himself an industry of sorts. On the strength of his brilliant success in marketing and promotion for NBC-TV—from 1983 to 1985 he was executive vice president of the NBC entertainment division—Sohmer became head of Columbia Pictures' motion pictures division in August 1985. His tenure was brief, less than a year, but lucrative. According to *Variety*, his pay included an annual salary of $225,000 and an annual expense account of $225,000. Sohmer still has an office at Columbia, where he now develops made-for-TV movies. When asked by telephone if there were movie or TV plans for *Favorite Son*, he replied, "Not yet."

So much for the power concentrated behind this novel. What are its contents? Briefly, it is an apologia for the *contras*. The story begins with the assassination of one Colonel Reynaldo—not a former National Guardsman like your average *contra* commander but a humble high-school teacher who had reluctantly followed his brave students into the hills. Who assassinated Reynaldo? A onetime Peace Corps volunteer, an irresistibly sexy young woman who was turned into a nympho-killer-whore by Carlos Fonseca himself. The murder of Reynaldo is only the first step in a plot she has devised that could subvert the entire U.S. government.

And how does this Sandinista she-devil achieve such vast influence? Simple. She knows how to manipulate the media. □

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MUSIC.

GENE SANTORO

Geri Allen
Kid Creole

In his fascinating and provocative book *The Recording Angel*, Evan Eisenberg observes that records alter sound in a way fundamentally different from the way in which a photograph destroys an artwork's mystique of primacy, the aura described by Walter Benjamin in "The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction." Yet at least one of the effects of recording sound conforms to Benjamin's model. By making music mobile—lifting it out of time-space, its cultural seedbed—records have made it easier than ever before to appropriate all kinds of music. As Eisenberg points out, even in a frantic cultural jumble like New York there couldn't occur the number and kind of musical possibilities that can routinely collide on a single stereo. But equally noteworthy is what happens when people outside the culture in which the music originated listen to it: They are free to use (and abuse) it in any way that suits their purposes. One record, after all, is the same as any other, and if the original social context is absent in the recorded format, a new context is inevitably supplied by the listener.

It's crucial to keep this in mind when considering the speed at which musical genres currently travel, crossbreed and reproduce. Migrating along trade routes as they always have, they can interact precisely because they are ripped from their contexts; encountered from the outside, they can be remade. That transaction can happen when Jamaicans like Jimmy Cliff or Sly and Robbie listen to New Orleans r&b and Motown and make the heavy accents they hear fit their own ears and history, thus producing reggae; or when Nigerians like King Sunny Ade and Prince Nico Mbarga hear Nashville stars like George Jones and adapt their twangy guitars and the whining pedal steel to float and keen over juju's talking drums; or when English kids like the Rolling Stones and the Yardbirds seize Chicago blues and early rock and roll for their models; or when Paul Simon goes to Soweto for inspiration because of a bootleg cassette he has heard. Or it may be even more self-conscious, like the hip-hop D.J.s who recontextualize, quote and deface the disks themselves in performance. But whatever the specific event, the modality remains recorded sound.

Keyboardist Geri Allen illustrates how a sharp-eared musician can assimilate an array of sounds that would be unimaginable without what Eisenberg calls phonography. ***In the Middle*** (Minor Music) features Allen's aptly named band, Open On All Sides, which is made up of young, Brooklyn-based players intent on blurring temporal, geographic, generic and racial lines in their music. Many of them are members of either the jazz-oriented A.A.C.M. or its new counterpart, the Black Rock Coalition, cooperative organizations that try to forge links between artists whose experiments violate the mainstream musical imperatives or color bars—or both—imposed by this culture. Their attempts at crossing those lines aren't always successful: saxophone master Steve Coleman's brash, disappointing LP *World Expansion* (JMT) is full of wonderful moments, but his attempt to tie together so many musical lines with inadequate material ultimately rips it apart.

This is one way to approach *In the Middle*, where a great many things come together. There's also Detroit-born Allen's own background; her father's enormous record collection; her classical training; her love of Monk and Motown, Charlie Parker and James Brown, McCoy Tyner and George Clinton; her degree in ethnomusicology from Howard University; the National Endowment for the Arts grant she got to study jazz with Kenny Barron; her sideman gigs; her solo and trio work; her previous record (the solo LP *Homegrown*, with its pristine tone and coy rhythms and Monk tributes); and the evolution of the ten-piece Open On All Sides as the flexible vehicle for these accumulated allegiances.

In the Middle reflects all this plus a burgeoning syncretism that seems to permeate every kind of pop. (Okinawan reggae? Indian disco? Imagine any unlikely phenomenon, and it's already out there somewhere.) Then, too, there's the growing indifference of younger musicians toward generic bounds, the increased emphasis on sturdy compositions and developed arrangements and appropriate solos rather than blowing for its own sake—which also can be part of what you hear when you put *In the Middle* on your turntable.

When the leadoff track, "Open On All Sides," starts, it's fired by an exuberant *clave* beneath the Nina Simone-tinged lilts of Shahita Nurallah and the sweet-and-sour horns (Coleman on alto, David McMurray on soprano, Racy Biggs on trumpet, Robin Eubanks on trombone) that stir salsa and meringue in with bop and modal jazz. Then it jump-cuts to odd-metered sections that stretch and warp the rhythms in the same way the horn solos attack the thematic material, each transition punctuated by a carnival-like motif. The moody "Forbidden Place" opens with horn dirges à la Henry Threadgill, then segues to a buoyant modified *clave* overshot with a synthesizer wash. A recorded tap dancer, Lloyd Storey, opens the whimsical tune called "The Dancer" and reiterates his syncopated human rhythms against the stripped, electronically enhanced Caribbean sections he alternates with, then dances over. The title tune counterbalances a riot of polyrhythms that break down across the instruments something like a musical mosaic; for instance, trumpeter Biggs solos through swirls of highlife and Miles Davis. Complex, crafted and catchy, Allen's music stitches multiple lines through every tune with enough charm to keep you tapping your foot while you puzzle out the implications.

That's what August Darnell has been doing in his own way for a decade now. First as a songwriter for and member of Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band, then as founder/leader of Kid Creole and The Coconuts, Darnell has put together witty and sophisticated lyrics, a plethora of infectious beats and one outrageous stage show after another, while trying to mine the dance floor for gold. If you crossed the energy of the legendary Cotton Club revues, the sly, subtle banter and recurrent Latin rhythms of Cole Porter, the self-conscious decadence of Liberace and the suavely droll sparkle of Chic's disco classics, you'd have a vague sense of where the pointedly monikered Kid Creole takes off from.

But only repeatedly spinning *I, Too, Have Seen the Woods* (Sire), his latest release, will give you a picture of the many paths he's taken from that sketched-in context. Like Allen's, Darnell's voice re-energizes a heterogeneous batch of

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recorded ghosts. Here such skillful and purposeful crosstalk is pieced together out of fragmented performances layered on multi-track tape; Like Benjamin's description of the film actor, the musicians lack an overview. They may or may not have performed their parts to the song together, may or may not have heard the entire tune they're playing on, may or may not have ever even met. The only frame of reference rendering the music coherent, no matter where its pieces originate, is Darnell's vision. Thus, the task of writing, arranging and performing is completely different from its counterparts in traditional classical music, and by its very nature defamiliarizes its materials.

What animates the rich and colorful tapestry on *I, Too, Have Seen the Woods* is Darnell's uncanny knack for rehearing the past in terms of his own project's needs. Take the Beatlesque baroque trumpet flourish riding over a loping reggae beat and chased offstage by a Bo Diddley guitar shudder on the jigsaw puzzle called "Part of My Design"; the late 1940s harmonies that skim and ride over the dark-hued dance beat powering the deceptively barbed "Dancin' at the Bain Douches." And even when the music is playing it relatively straight, as in the salsa-powered "El Hijo," the lyrics (in Spanish) have their wry, ironic way of undercutting any monolithic conception: "El Hijo" is actually the son of King Kong, who winds up marrying the daughter of Magilla Gorilla. Or there's the satiny disco beat and cooing female backup used to set Shakespeare's *Sonnet 116* in the musical equivalent of a singles club, thus bending the original's paradoxical musings on love and time into a new and ironic context.

Underlying these clever inversions and allusions is an aesthetic fist. As the opening verse for "Part of My Design" puts it, "Part of my design was giving the world alternatives/Part of my design was spreading love/Part of my design was giving the world a sedative/Part of my design was tough/Not as tough as mí Corazón/or the great Dr. Martin Luther King/my brother you should know/Not as tough as any Kennedy/so you keep on pushing/don't stop pushing." It is only on vinyl—"Keep on Pushing" is the name of a 1964 pop civil rights anthem by the Impressions—that those parts can become the brilliantly integrated whole called *I, Too, Have Seen the Woods*. □

FILMS.

MARIA MARGARONIS

Matewan

In 1920 or thereabouts, the United Mine Workers funded a short film called *Smilin' Sid*, about the Matewan Massacre. That effort to commemorate the battle between striking West Virginia miners and coal-company thugs scarcely saw the light of day: the only known print was stolen by the bosses. Still, you can almost see its ghost flickering between the frames of John Sayles's *Matewan*, a not-so-modern movie about the same events.

To find a form for his parable of community and nonviolence, Sayles looked to Hollywood's oldest political genre. As the film begins, a handsome stranger arrives in Matewan, an isolated company town where the miners have just walked off the job. Though he rides the train instead of a horse and packs no pistol at his hip, we recognize him immediately as the good cowboy, come to deliver the town from evil. By the time we get to the final showdown, the union organizer Joe Kenehan (Chris Cooper) has narrowly escaped betrayal before cockcrow, united the miners against their real enemies and anointed a young disciple to carry on his work.

Matewan is a stalwart, solid sort of a movie, without tricks or frills—partly because, like most of Sayles's films, it was independently made on a shoestring. The West Virginia town is dressed up in enough period details to look convincing but not to distract our attention with Ralph Lauren-ish accessories. The landscape of wooded hills and hollers is shot to bring out a claustrophobic beauty that's never quite picturesque. The rhythm of the action, like a well-oiled machine, follows a simple pattern of tension and release as each step the miners take toward unity is met by the company with new treachery or violence. *Matewan* presents itself as a handmade thing, economically fitted out to do its job; there's a plain satisfaction in seeing how the parts fit together.

It's that sense of unassuming craft that saves the film from death by sentimentality—but only just. It's hard to turn a good western in these genre-conscious times, when audiences expect filmmakers to shoot ironic holes in their conventions, or at least to gussie up the old engines with a few hi-tech attachments. It's even harder to make a political parable with good guys, bad guys and a moral: Satan has had centuries of practice in stealing the show. Sayles's own good and bad angels have battled for control throughout his career—on his right shoulder, the solemn ideological soundness that made *Lianna*, his lesbian coming-out film, read like a

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Florence Grossman

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social-studies textbook; on his left, the giggling free spirit of his homely sci-fi spoof, *The Brother From Another Planet*.

Matewan not only has a flawless pacifist hero who spends much of his time trying to keep the miners from shooting the company thugs ("They're all of them just waiting for an excuse to come down and crush us to nothing") but gives him for a protégé a 13-year-old preacher straight out of Walt Disney. Danny (Will Oldham) is just too much of a blue-eyed boy to be believed, and since he's the only character awarded the privilege of an Inner Conflict, his poker-faced purity almost curdles the whole show. The coal dust barely seems to stick to his clear skin, and his self-effacing eagerness threatens to turn the union into a Boy Scout troop. When, at a particularly tense moment, he gets his congregation singing about the precious blood of the lamb, I found myself half hoping he would end up on the sacrificial slab.

But no: Danny survives to become the imaginary old man whose voice-over reminiscences frame *Matewan*'s action. That bow to the conventions of documentary is obviously meant to ground the movie in history, but it can't substitute for fleshed-out characters and drama. In *Return of the Secaucus Seven* and in his script for *Enormous Changes at the Last Minute*, Sayles manages to evoke real communities, neither pulling the camera in so close that the broad pattern disappears nor rolling it so far back that the people fade to ciphers. But in *Matewan* the canvas is too large, the moral too clear and the action too tightly sprung to let us enter the town's real life; the characters have no quirks or rough edges to root them in the world off-screen. The movie's subplot turns on the conflict between the white miners and the black and Italian workers the company brings in as scabs, and Sayles resorts to some excruciating shorthand about music, food and softball to express their eventual baptism in the melting pot. The main Italian character (Maggie Renzi) is forever rolling her eyes and cooking polenta; the black miners play the mouth organ mournfully by moonlight. Their leader, Few Clothes, is slightly less embarrassing, but only because he is played by James Earl Jones, whose warm irony is just infectious enough to put the audience in a forgiving mood.

Like all practitioners of socialist realism, Sayles has much more fun with the villains. His own cameo appearance as a greasy hellfire preacher warning his flock against Beelzebub—"On earth today his name is Bolshevist! Socialist! Communist! Union man!"—shows where his artistic sympathies lie. He also gives us, in the person of the horrible Hickey (Kevin Tighe) from the bosses' strong-arm subsidiary, the Baldwin-Felts Detective Agency, a deliciously foul, fat capitalist, complete with a wimpish Stan Laurel sidekick by the name of Griggs (Gordon Clapp). Tighe and Clapp ham it up from beginning to end, abetted by Haskell Wexler's cinematography: at table in the boarding house run by Elma (Mary McDonnell), the film's obligatory sympathetic widow, we see them as if from below the salt, drenching the overstuffed screen in a drunken red glow. In fact, apart from a couple of dark, heroic shots of miners down the pit, the movie's visual imagination favors the villains as much as the script. In a chilling scene on the eve of the massacre, Elma tiptoes downstairs at night and lifts her lamp to reveal a dozen Baldwin men curled up on ticking-covered mattresses in their luminous white longjohns, packed together like termites in a nest.

Moments like those reminded me how much sheer pleasure there is in some of Sayles's earlier movies—a pleasure that begins with his obvious trust in the audience's intelligence. In *The Brother* or *Baby, It's You*, he risks all kinds of jokes and eccentricities, confident that whatever happens we can still share the exuberance of his experiment. There are glimpses of that in *Matewan*, when Joe is saved from the Baldwin heavies by a posse of outrageous hillbillies, or when Sid Hatfield the sheriff (David Strathairn) sneers at Hickey: "I wouldn't piss on him if his heart was on fire." But in the end, the interminable moralizing flattens the movie's spirit and patronizes the audience, just as Joe's elaborate disapproval of the miners' urge to fight seems to dismiss their ability to decide for themselves. Perhaps it's the weight of history that made Sayles's touch here so leaden, or perhaps it's the imaginary influence of that lost U.M.W. short. In his reverence for the martyred workers, he's withheld the affection he usually has for the people in his films and sold out his radical flair. Next time out, I hope the bad angel wins. □

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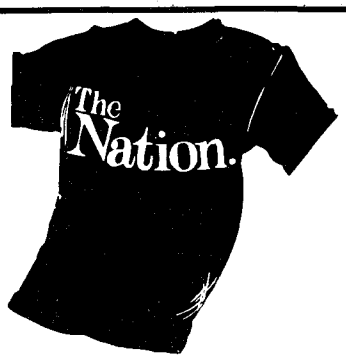

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S	T	O	R	I	E	D	■	A	I	L	M	E	N	T
E	■	N	■	N	■	C	■	T	■	I	■	S	■	O
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T	■	■	■	■	■	T	■	E	■	■	■	■	■	S
E	X	E	M	P	L	I	G	R	A	T	I	A	■	■
R	■	N	■	A	■	Z	■	B	■	R	■	D	■	B
R	E	V	E	N	U	E	■	U	T	I	L	I	Z	E
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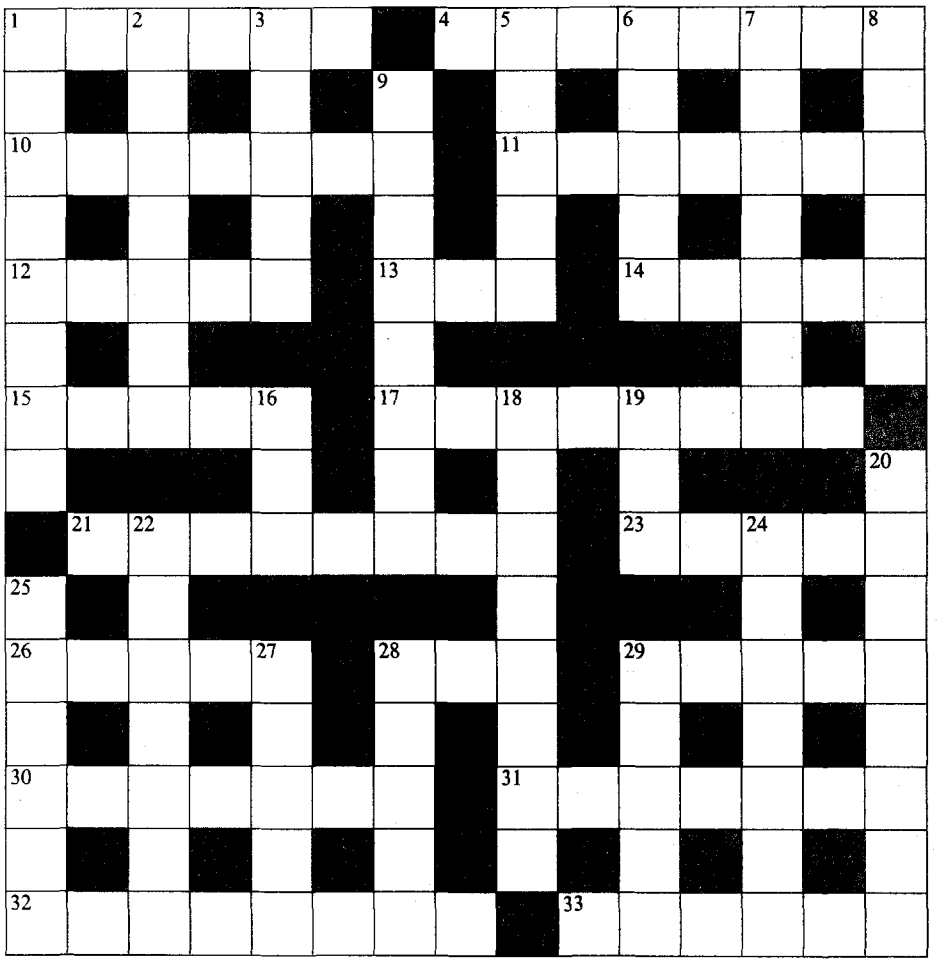

ACROSS

1 and 20 down In short, what they fish for in New England—yet things are not on time, if this is demanded. (4,2,8)
4 In a high degree, it's about the dance—in the manner of spoken words. (8)
10 One might look for certain things, working at the cleaning establishment. (7)
11 Drink around the job? And a religious man, too! (7)
12 General name for what is created about the beginning of earth. (5)
13 See 19 down
14 Sounds like a requirement for what you might do with the dough. (5)
15 Returns as part of the centerpiece in relative presentation. (5)
17 A word of warning to the players on the stage or otherwise—that's how you know what the weather will be like. (8)
21 Given a second name, or just being remembered? (8)
23 26's mother. (5)
26 If you think about the song, it could be another name for Columbia! (5)
28 See 19 down
29 Something that might amuse the soldier molds and rusts, for example. (5)
30 If the GI's ever wrong, it's due to sorrows. (7)
31 One of these might be found in Andromeda. (7)
32 Notes suggesting a low-spirited production. (3,5)
33 Spotted perhaps as being wretchedly poor. (6)

DOWN

1 Type of window hanging associated with him during WW-I? (8)
2 Talked about a common article found in Washington. (7)
3 and 27 Where you might find a bubble as a true description. (2,3,5)
5 Animal inevitably found in New Zealand. (5)
6 and 7 Landlords for a complete city area—one might offer an example of capital. (5,7)
8 Gives precedence to profits from investment. (6)
9 Describing the lion's den? (Just before fall, proverbially.) (8)
16 See 19
18 A very small type takes a little money to heart, as a first principle. (8)
19 down, 13 and 28 across, and 16 down Has ability, and acted on an irregularly shaped disk, with time for the TV show. (6,6)
20 See 1 across
22 The first lady takes in a forged visa, not answering any questions directly. (7)
24 Associated with a birthday blow-out? (7)
25 A very greedy example, in a hard drinker, frequently turned on. (6)
27 See 3
28 Social group of actors, by the sound of it. (5)
29 Story that is vulgarly superb to the French. (5)

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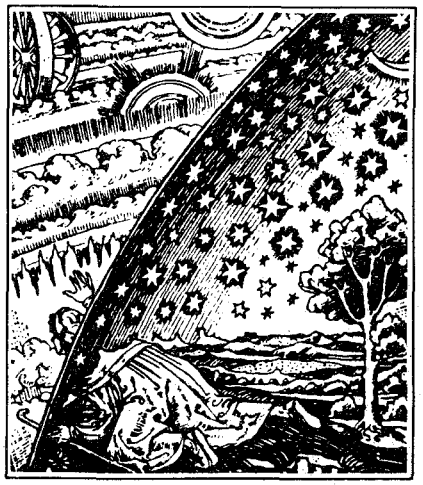

In this 16th century woodcut, a philosopher seeks to discover the machinery that moves the stars.

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